

BANEFUL MAGICK

E. A. KOETTING

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INTRODUCTION

From the onset of writing this book, I have not once doubted that it should be written. Baneful Magick needs to be in the hands of the powerful, regardless of the consequences... and sometimes because of them. I have, however, questioned as I wrote whether to include certain embarrassing stories, certain dangerous rituals, and certain extreme circumstances that are sure to bring me under not only social and academic scrutiny, but possibly under criminal investigation as well. After lengthy contemplation, and after consulting those very forces that drove me to write Baneful Magick, and which permeate its pages, I have left the book uncensored. My moral, intellectual, and practical downfalls, as well as the ritual successes that were, perhaps, too successful, are left unhidden.

I have used this Black Magick several times when, in retrospect, it was not necessary. I have killed those who deserved to live. I have made those suffer who deserved only joy. I rarely feel remorse, and I never feel guilt. Eternity is always in the present, and the past which was once my present was, at the time, all important. "However, there is a mystery concealed in this theory of the bloody sacrifice which is of great importance to the student, and we therefore make no further apology. We should not have made even this apology for an apology."¹

Secrets are given here that will enable you to harm, to infect, to inflict, to torture, and to kill by nonphysical means. This is a dangerous power and a forbidden knowledge. Both the power and the knowledge, however, are yours. You alone are sole ruler of your existence, if you dare to take hold of that scepter.

It would not be difficult for critics to research and find evidence that I have abused the great powers of Magick, even if Baneful Magick is their single literary resource. This book, however, is not about me. It is about you. It is about your power and your possibilities. It is about your limitless nature unfolding in beautiful and terrifying ways. It is about your rise into Godhood and your conscious control even over the forces of death and hell. It is about your ability to destroy all in your

life that is unclean in your sight, or to keep this sword sheathed, knowing that at any time you may draw it.

I will not attempt to logically justify murder in any manner, to you or for you. If your mind needs justifications, it will find them without issue. I will not recite any threefold karmic limericks or harm-none redes, nor will I engage in witty battle with the doctrines of death faiths. The Powers of Darkness exist, and if you hold them and if you breathe them in, nothing will seem miraculous to you anymore. These Powers can be used for bane and for blight, and it is this forbidden art of bringing death that is offered between these two covers.

Sing and dance, sing and dance, for our enemies are dead.

GODS OF A DYING WORLD

We are trapped on this castaway watery sphere, clinging to the mere twenty percent of rock that we can find lest we drown. This planetary prison is locked with others in orbit around an enormous ball of fire, the whole system floating aimlessly in an outer darkness where even air and light have fled. There is no doubt that this physical plane of existence is as far removed from the grace of God as any could be, sitting at the outer ring where creation and annihilation border. In this hopeless and godless state, however, there are those who have risen beyond the binding flesh and have become gods unto themselves, exercising their reign over a waiting world with seemingly omnipotent power.

The ability to manipulate and in some cases control the very forces that hold the planets in their places and cause the sun to continue to burst in flame is forbidden... but it can be learned. And just as God breathes life into man and takes life away without prejudice, this power can be learned as well. Somewhere in the development and evolution of our species we have collectively glimpsed something beyond the death that surrounds us daily. We have felt the light of the Divine Source and have heard Its music in our hearts even from so far away. We have seen and recognized miracles in this land of despair. We have seen that the flesh is only a mask and a mirror for something much larger and much more powerful. Some of us have simply seen farther and deeper than others.

Beyond the veil of body and mind I see multitudes of spirits that have never been born nor ever will but instead dwell just behind the senses, playing the marionettes and lightly blowing on the flutes to bring the universe under their command. I have seen evil and wicked beings, filled with hatred even for their own existence, emanating rage with black spiritual tentacles. I have seen spirits whose minds race with games, the inhabitants of the worlds as their pawns, whispering into human ears inhuman acts to perform. I have seen angels whose love and glory take on the form of visible light that extends from them

like wings of peace, who reach out and cause the storms to cease and who divert meteors which could annihilate our sun; who strive with their very existence to maintain order and harmony amidst uncontrollable entropy. I have seen men who have walked the same rocky parts of the world as I whose bodies have died, and yet I have seen them rise from their corpses and assume instead bodies without bounds, skin of pure flames and arms which hold the whole of the universe close. I have seen Gods watching over the madness from their thrones so far away. I have seen some of them laugh, and others weep, and still a few step foot upon the dust of the worlds to close one age and open another.

Among them all, I have seen spirits, demons, angels, elementals, bodisattvas and Gods stretch out their hands towards creation and kill. I have witnessed their ability to end life with less effort and delay than was needed for life to begin. I have spoken with the godlike murderers of men in dreams, in visions, and in rituals of evocation, and over years of studying the way in which they kill, I have learned all of their secrets.

TOOLS OF THE GODS

Through these glimpses into that which exists beyond the realms of flesh and substance, human beings have discovered piece-by-piece the methods, procedures, and formulas by which they can alter reality altogether, in varying degrees. The experience of the individual ritualist is a type and a shadow of the greater experience of the human race in their journey into Godhood: during the Dabbler's initial experiments in practical metaphysics, the results of each Operation, although verifiable and aligned with the ritualized will of the Operator, are discarded as petty coincidence. Not until such results are quantified through repetition does the Magician recognize the power at work in his life. Not until he sees that indeed the achievement of that which he desires does indeed "coincide" with his performance of a ritual using the processes which have been discovered over millennia, not once but each and every time, will he accept that perhaps there is power in the signs and the movements that he makes inside of his Temple.

The development of Magick through the ages has not varied much from this outline. Regardless of whether the secrets of the occult were passed to men by spirits, stolen from a prehistoric fathering alien race,

or stumbled upon in the awkward search for meaning, a formula was discovered which produced certain and constant results. The rationalizations of coincidence faded as the earliest Sorcerers found the world reacting to their ritualized will, the elements forming to their commands, the decisions of great men either influenced or controlled entirely from a distance, and the flesh of sometimes entire enemy populations infected with unknown diseases and cancers. Unfortunately, many have assumed that all that consistently produces verifiable results, such results being reproducible through similar processes, can be analyzed and understood, studied, categorized, and classified like insects on a pinboard. For over twelve thousand years they have failed to do so, and finally in this age are we forced to accept that perhaps the power is in the signs themselves, in the movements that are made within the Temple, coming not from a natural law, but instead are produced by something outside of nature altogether. Now, after millennia of failed research and vain postulating, perhaps we are finally beginning to understand that the demons do have power to rend flesh, that the angels do watch from above and maintain order in this universe, and that the spaces around us may not be as vacant as they seem.

Ritual is that indefinable science, and Magick is the product of its application. When a spirit is conjured through the ritual of evocation, when a demon is dispelled through proper exorcism, when another is called into a body through invocation, or when candles flare and send into the world the will of the Operator, it is the method and the syntax which entirely alters not only the Magician's perception of his universe, but also alters that which he perceives, realigning the very cellular makeup of that which he Works upon. While the point can be argued both ways that the human brain produces these phenomena, that the collective subconscious creates the links which align coincidence, or that the energy currents in universe react to stimuli to produce a result, what we know is that when the principles of ritual are applied, the constant result will always be Magick.

Using the formulas of ritual, the Magick produced by the fledgling ritualist will initially be minor, creating small changes in his world and surroundings, grinning as his spells bring him influence, affluence, spending cash, and sex. This is as far as most Practitioners reach into the magical vortexes of ritual, building religions around the

petty parlor tricks that they have learned and feeling rather superior in their basic Magickal abilities. There are those, however, who were born into this world with a dreadful hunger for power, a lust for domination, and an envious thirst for the throne of god. These first Magickal successes only feed the hunger enough to make him ravenous. They provide proof to the Ascendant Black Magician that he has indeed discovered God's own sword and His far-traveling lightning bolt. His obsession for power then takes the form of a series of tests and experiments to find the limits of this force, to see exactly how far he may push the boundaries of reality, how close to the sun that he is able to fly, and how deep into hell he may dive.

Rituals and spiritual Operations put into the hands of men the powers of the gods, all of which are forbidden yet are necessary in order to transcend the flesh and to become like unto the Eternal Source. To use these powers to bring about the death or the suffering of another person, however, is the blackest type of Magick, the most forbidden Siddhi, and sometimes is the most necessary sin.

MURDER WITHOUT TEARS

The ability to end the life of another human being in a manner entirely undetectable to those uninitiated in the dark arts is one of the greatest motives for learning this Black Magick, second only to the driving lust for power. The thought is often conjured in the mind of the neophyte, "...if only I didn't get caught!" The desire - often the need - to kill is in some as strong an instinct as that which drives people to procreate, or to even to eat, drink, and breathe air. Some people are born in this world as predators of the human species, and others are made that way shortly after. We are not talking about serial killers or psychotic stalkers, however. We are not discussing cannibalistic cults or infant-snatching devil worshippers. I am not dissecting the insane in this text; I am talking about you and me. The aspiring business woman, the college student striving for the grade, the gardener and the teacher... most, at some point, in some moment of inspired evil genius, have wanted to kill.

It is said that experiencing momentary anger which leads to homicidal thoughts is normal. Feeling like you would be capable of doing it if you were guaranteed to be safe from legal recourse crosses

some invisible moral line, however. Plotting the details of how you would go about the murder, how you would hide the evidence, and what you would tell police if questioned is a sign that you are in need of psychological help. Committing the murder forever brands you, even if not caught, as a killer. Killing again reaffirms your ability to defy the laws of man and God, allowing you to claim moral autonomy, as well as gives you a clearer experience, a better vantage to integrate it without the nervousness and the surrealism of it as was found in the first murder. The third murder confirms that you have moved from a killer of people to a hunter of humans, playing out a pathological ritual again and again until you are either caught, or until the ritual is performed without flaw or deviation from the fantasy in your mind. It is also after the third murder that law enforcement usually considers you to be a "serial killer."

What if there was a bridge between the second stage wherein you would kill if you could get away with it, and the second to last stage of actually killing? If this bridge proved to be real and infallible, what then would keep the killer from killing again and again? Ritual forms the bridge and Magick allows you to cross.

Perhaps the degree of revenge, payback, or outright sadism does not extend fully to murder, as most humans are raised with moral expectations and are taught the rights and wrongs of society from birth. Often, when a person is filled with the darkness which precedes murder, and even when murderous thoughts fill his mind, he will consciously and instantly transform those terrifying thoughts into less terrifying and more acceptable ones, such as causing harm to his enemy. The transcript of internal monologue would read, "I hate him! I want to kill him... no, just to hurt him badly... or maybe just a little, so he knows not to do it again!" Still, without Magick, he is left with the choice of criminal assault charges or putting the Louisville Slugger back in the closet and leaving unsatisfied. With Magick, however, there are no bounds.

It is thought that Baneful Magick allows the Black Magician to kill without forethought of the possible consequences to such actions, and that aside from the inane ramblings of threefold karmic law, the Sorcerer may kill and receive gain, and so long as he is not bothered by his evil, he will never be bothered.

A basic principle of using any form of ritual to influence, effect, or act upon another entity is that the mind, energy, power, and

consciousness of the Operator must make a significant and steady connection with the subject. In occult and New Age vocabulary, it is said that each person possesses or is encapsulated by a "sphere of sensation," which is the space surrounding a person which is their own personal space, their aura, their psychic envelope. In order to perceive the unapparent, or to bring into your awareness those things which the human brain or the physical senses cannot grasp of their own power, such things must be brought into your sphere of sensation, or at least close enough to it that a connection is made. This can be visualized as two entities, the Operator and the subject, with auras extended a few feet from their bodies overlapping into one another. One metaphysical philosophy states that when you sit in ritual and focus your attention upon another person, your own energy and your sphere of sensation extends to that person, often encapsulating them as well, and thereby allowing communication between subtle bodies, which results in a profound effect on the lower bodies, especially the physical.

The exchange works both ways however. While the Operator can choose to transmit information or raw energy to the subject, or can choose to receive the same, there is rarely a wall that can be built to only allow one and not the other. Psychic vampires, when stealing energy from others will often not only receive impressions of the personality, thoughts, emotions, and memories of the victim, but will also project his or her own impressions into the victim when feeding. Although this is much more subtle and often goes unnoticed by the average victim of psychic vampire attacks, those who have developed a sensitivity to the unseen either naturally or through discipline will recognize the alien presence within and will work to dispel it or to reverse the feed altogether and drain the vampire of his own power along with that which was stolen. When healing with energy, especially through what is often referred to in religion as the "laying on of hands," the healer will discover a deep empathy for the afflicted and in extreme cases will momentarily take on the disease which she is attempting to heal. When Working in ritual to effect Baneful Magick, the Magician will create a connection with the target which will allow him to see inside of the victim's mind, deeper into her heart, and even to the deepest levels of her soul. It is through the hallways of this connection that the curse is sent and the will to murder or to power collapses the sustaining life-force of the victim. Those

Dabblers who have not yet gained a full awareness even of their own actions will suppress the backflow of individual essence coming through the action that they have established with the target. While this may create the illusion of a barrier, all that this suppression accomplishes is to shove the emotions, thoughts, and energies of the victim which have entered the Operator's sphere of sensation deep into the Operator's mind and awareness, allowing him to deal with it another day... and that day does come. These are the reapers of karmic law, those who suffer great loss, if not death, following the throwing of a curse. They have not allowed themselves to mourn the loss of the victim, with whom they became intimately acquainted moments before her death. The spirit of the deceased resides in the Dabbler, and will torment him with misfortune, illness, confusion, insanity, and death. Like a raped and beaten child, later in life if the death is not recognized in its full magnitude the adult will suffer from a thing with which he has never coped, and it will rend his life and his flesh with far more force than the demons which he had originally contracted to kill.

When the Black Magician has gained a familiarity with the Powers of Darkness and the forces which bring destruction into the world, the intimate connection that he creates with the victim through his ritual curse is cherished as he reaches into the core of his subject, feels the warmth within, and senses it drain entirely into the void. This inhuman objective observation of death is difficult for the average person to maintain, especially with the knowledge that he himself is the source of these spells of sedition. If they assimilate the experience of having murdered another through an undetectable means, and allow themselves to experience the emotions which rise from that, they will either turn from the Dark Path altogether and spend the majority of the remainder of their lives seeking an absolution not offered by any religion or God, or they will embrace the darkness which has risen up within them, and they will breathe in the power that seems to rise from the cooling skin of their prey.

A GOD REALIZED

"I, even I am He, and there is no god with me. I kill and I make alive, I wound and I heal. Neither is there any that can be delivered out of my hand; for I lift up my hand to heaven and say 'I live forever!' And

if I whet my glittering sword and my hand takes hold on judgment, I shall render vengeance unto mine enemy and reward them that hate me."

Taking a life through Magick shows a person his own godhood and separates him from all other beings on the food chain, as well as divorces him from the supposed laws of morality. He uses the power of God to reign as God reigns, killing and making alive, wounding and healing as his judgment dictates. He begins to exist not in a state of reaction to the universe, but in a state of pure action upon the universe. Often, the Black Magician has played the role of victim through his early childhood, has spent his time in adolescence attempting to break from that mold, and finally emerges armed with the power, the strength, and the allies necessary to never turn another cheek.

Baneful Magick appears to be the crucible capable of either bringing a soul into exaltation or into utter oblivion. It is perhaps the first great demonstration of power that Sorcerer offers up to his Ascent. Although he has used ritual to influence the thoughts, emotions, and actions of others, sometimes to extreme degrees, and he has aligned fortune in his favor through Magick, when he destroys another Divine Being, another human whose soul is in Ascent towards Godhood, using nothing but the invisible forces of Magick, he begins to recognize the potency of his power. Whether the Black Magician is a Dabbler still not expecting success even after so much of it, or if he is consciously soaring towards omnipotent power, a spiritual blackness falls upon him immediately following his first performance of the ritual of baneful Magick. He knows in that moment that if the religion of his forefathers holds any truth, that he is damned to an eternity of torture. He recognizes that from that moment, no Christ can save him and no saints would try. He has used the Powers of Darkness to murder, and his soul is lost and alone. Generally, there are three basic reactions to this forsaken state:

1. The Sorcerer is horrified at the depths that he has delved to sate his anger, and remains horrified by it for quite some time, no longer creating Magick or practicing ritual, but at the same time not turning away from it because he knows there is no god that would have him. He finds himself in a spiritual and psychological prison, and when the victim does

actually die, the key is thrown out. Interestingly, this murderer will usually surround himself with more images and icons relating to the occult than ever before. He will find a fascination with demons and with occult lore, and may turn to forms of Theistic Satanism, for he craves spirituality. He feels he cannot, however, return to the practice of ritual which brings change into the world. He cannot trust himself with it. He lives as a lost soul, and consigns himself to hell without even preparing his case for his Day of Judgment.

2. The Black Magician immediately turns from the occult and flees back into the arms of a religion that would excommunicate him if they knew the extent of his evil, or believed his claims of it. One such ex-Sorcerer that I knew rejoined the Christian church of his childhood after a particularly lengthy and wearing period of spiritual darkness and evil. He felt the need to be absolved of all of his sins, and he thus went into confession with his minister. When my friend told the minister about his spells which had enslaved the minds and will of others, and eventually had ended the life of one at his precise command, the minister smiled at him and replied, "Why don't we just go through the normal questions, and we'll go from there." After asking my friend if he looked at pornography, used harmful substances, masturbated, or did any of those really wicked deeds, he stated with surety, "From what I can see, you're a good person. Attend church every Sunday, participate in Sunday school, and of course, pay your tithes, and your full membership should be restored." My friend was in awe at the blind eye the minister was willing to turn to his confessions of Magickal and demonic evil, and after a year of activity in the church, he finally returned to the minister's office to declare that his sins were real, and that either the church take action that would truly absolve him of all of his past transgressions, or since he was left in a state of inbetween, his side would be chosen and he would return to the occult. Shortly after that meeting, I received a call from

him. Assuming that either the clergy involved recognize the reality of Black Magick, or that the sinner chooses to deal with his sins and the atonement without the help of the ministers of the church which he attends, he will either believe that God has granted him a special pardon, in which case the impact of the moment in which he murdered will fade in his mind, and he will never return his thoughts to that time in his life again; or, he will spend his life seeking for Divine forgiveness which he secretly knows he cannot have.

3. The Black Magician revels in the powers of death which he has summoned, as well as the actual demise of his victim, singing and dancing as his sinister goal is achieved. A slight twinge of remorse may enter him at first, and the darkness that surrounds him after the ritual and lingers for days may initially disturb him, but he quickly finds comfort in hell. This is not to say that he takes the ritual of destruction and the Powers of Darkness lightly – it is rare that he will reenact the ritual any time soon. But he knows that in killing as the Gods kill, he is challenging Their sovereign power, and that he is climbing Olympus, dragging the embers of the Underworld behind him as he goes.

MECHANICS OF THE CURSE

Modern magicians and theorists have attempted to dissect nearly every form of Magick, trying to merge spiritual absolute possibility with scientific process. Evocation and the appearance of the summoned has been explained away as a temporary self-induced schizophrenia due to high levels of dopamine and endorphins, causing hallucinations which aide the Sorcerer in a greater understanding of himself and his environment. Spells which would bring wealth only align the Operator's mind and intention with finances, and he then creates the circumstances and situations wherein money might come. Love charms cause him to love himself more, and therefore become more loveable to others. The Magick has been taken out of Magick. Curses, however, affect something entirely outside of the magician. It is the only one hundred percent verifiable form of Magick, yet it eludes proper examination under the new microscope of occult science. When a ritual is performed and a curse is thrown, the victim dies or suffers in a dramatic and usually bizarre or uncharacteristic manner. The victim will not sense pain or feel death around her, but she will experience pain and she will die. There is no grey area in baneful Magick. It is blackness and evil, and although its effects can be argued, they can never be stifled.

If baneful Magick is not a simple trick that the mind plays on itself through some shimmering ritual, but instead is an unexplored and forbidden science which causes the most profound effect on the physical world, how does it work? By what unseen machinery does its power operate? What are its limitations or its reaches? Very few have dared to look too deeply into this black well, instead pontificating from supposed safety with superstition and vain hope as their support.

The most often cited lie concerning baneful Magick is that it is only effective if the victim believes so. There is the one hand, which delegates this "truth" to the supposed "fact" that the ritual or the forces invoked therein have no effect, but instead that the potency of the ritual is in the victim's knowledge of it. It is the fear of the thing which

kills, not the thing itself.

Although he was actually attempting to prove a point for the opposite party, in his notorious work, *The Satanic Bible*, Anton Lavey actually promotes the idea that it is this atavistic dread which causes the suffering and death of the victim of Black Magick, stating, "If religious faith can make bleeding wounds appear on the body in approximation to the wounds supposedly inflicted on Christ, it is called stigmata. These wounds appear as a result of compassion driven to an emotionally violent extreme. Why, then, should there be any doubt as to the destructive extremes of fear and terror. The so-called demons have the power to destroy in a flesh rending manner, theoretically, as much as a handful of nails, long rusted away, can create blood-dripping ecstasy in a person convinced he is hooked upon the cross of Calvary."¹

It is assumed, then, that since the victim has either been made aware of the curse by the magician, or that since the victim knows the Magician's reputation well enough, he or she is fully aware that a curse is being placed on them, and the deep parts of his or her mind begin to churn against the flesh. Lavey argues throughout his book that the more a person consciously believes in the power of Magick, however, the more likely that person is to seek out "spiritual" assistance which will act as a psychological guard against those "so-called" demons within. Even if all of this speculation can be considered valid, it must be noted that in order for the curse to succeed by these standards, the person must believe in its power, even if such a belief is not consciously recognized. By this explanation of the efficacy of baneful Magick, the ritual need not even be performed; all that should be necessary is for the victim to be made aware of the performance, whether actual or fictitious, for it to cause misery or death.

The other hand of the same argument is that Black Magick does possess and utilize actual power, but that for a variety of reasons that power only affects those who are susceptible to it through their beliefs. For instance, the term "the Armor of Christ," is often used by Christians, mainly of the Protestant ilk, to signify some undefined, un-experienced protective shield against Darkness which might be Worked upon them. These hopeful disciples are told, and do believe that because of their faith in the dead and because of their baptismal covenants with that man, that they are automatically protected against directed evil. The single contingency to the continued strength of the Armor is the faith

and good works of the individual; if they maintain absolute faith in their protection under Christ, and if their works magnify their faith, they have nothing to fear from Satan.

In the same vein, those who do not necessarily believe in the dualistic battle between God and the Devil, but instead hold a more Universal Mind/Energy philosophy, feel that when a person directs negative energies and thoughts at them, that so long as they do not allow into their perception of reality the possibility of being manipulated by those forces, they can likewise be assured protection from it.

So, evaluating the information given, people who have no occult training or experience whatsoever, who cannot see nor tangibly sense the astral currents flowing through all things, who have not worked at the process of manipulating those energies to their advantage, and who basically live as the beasts of the field, are by virtue of their perception of an objective universe, such a perception not backed by any generated power at all which might alter that universe, are immune to the effects of forces of which they are intentionally ignorant. Simply believing that the flu virus does not exist will not keep you from contracting it, nor will acknowledging its existence, but believing that it has no effect on you. Interestingly, the types of people that would fall into such irrational faiths will rarely consciously recognize that when their body weakens and fevers, when they vomit and shiver, that they have been infected by the virus. Instead, they usually will relegate the illness to some psychological or spiritual cause, and will continue believing that they are immune as they suffer.

There are ways outside of medicine which can deliver you from the effects of any illness or malady, and which will eventually bring you to the point of immunity from a specific disease. The methods given above, however, are not them. This Magickal work begins while still infected with the virus, and while its effects are at their peak. It involves acknowledging the cause of the illness, accepting its current power over you, and a willed response against it. In your first trials, you will still suffer the effects of the illness, although the duration of the ordeal will shorten, and the next time the illness strikes, you will be more alert to its early signs and can begin willing your recovery from the beginning. While the same process can be used to fight off the effects of a curse, when battling baneful Magick, there is no time for a buildup of immunity through will, nor is the ability to fall ill and to

continue trying next time.

Another great misunderstanding concerning the machinery of Baneful Magick is noticed in the terminology commonly used when discussing the matter. Most people will refer to the act of "throwing a curse," "placing a hex," or "putting a curse on" someone or another. All of this seems to imply that a "curse" is like some unseen veil that can be tossed over the victim's head in the most nonchalant manner, like an object whose mass is not seen, but whose presence still causes light to cease around it. The unfortunate thing about this kind of understanding concerning baneful Magick is that if the curse can be so delicately tossed onto another person, it can just as easily be retrieved – that the mantle of death can be withdrawn from their shoulders just as easily as it was placed there.

Rituals of baneful Magick set into motion a tremendous change in the fabric of reality. Once the ritual is finalized, or sometimes even before the final words are said, the universe begins to react, all elements of creation aligning against the Sorcerer's enemy. Contagious disease infects one person, who then infects five more, who infect several others, one of whom is the victim, whose immune system is mysteriously weakened, and the virus brings him to his knees or to his grave. The cells of the body may begin to mutate, forming a cancer which will torment the victim for years before death. A commercial truck driver might have a restless night and disquieting dreams, putting him back on the road groggy and un-alert enough to veer into the oncoming lane at the exact moment that the target of the curse makes a turn into the truck. There is rarely any great degree of mystery in the fulfillment of the curse, although there is often wonder. The curse is usually fulfilled through a chain of events that are unnoticed even to the Sorcerer, and while this domino effect may take years of preparation by the forces of death, once the pieces are tipped there is no stopping the motion.

A curse, whether the object is to frighten, to cause pain to, or to end the life of a victim, calls upon the darkest forces in existence. The Sorcerer, when learning the art of baneful Magick, is in actuality learning to master one of the three great forces of Godhood: Destruction.² He is being taught, through his trials and his experiences, to open his Third Eye and to allow the fire within him to consume a human being, which is an entire spiritual universe unto itself. He becomes like unto

Shiva and Apollyon, Sammael and Leviathan. He wields the sword of Amon and spits the venom of Jörmungandr into the skies.

It is rare for the Magician to accept, when he is crouched over the effigy of his enemy, slashing and stabbing and cursing through tears, that he is embodying the Vindicator. The transformation, and indeed, transfiguration from the mortal who is hurt and desires immediate vengeance to the archetype of devastation is natural, and in the heat of hell usually goes entirely unnoticed by the Sorcerer until the drug of murder is worn off and the victim lies dead. Nevertheless, the transfiguration has taken its toll, and the Operator has accessed perhaps the most ancient powers within him, and has activated them permanently, whether or not he understands that he has done so... and whether or not he desires it to be.

Once the ritual of Baneful Magick has been initiated, a momentum is set which cannot be slowed from its gaining course. The will to take a life, no longer bound by the ego's constant will to some nebulous sense of power, but instead a pure will to action, concrete and verifiable, sets into motion forces that will move towards the fulfillment of that will. The natural sympathy or empathy discovered by the Black Magician with the victim in the final peaked moments of the ritual will often leave him with a better understanding of his prey, and sometimes even for a wish that the curse had never been thrown.

I had once used this Magick against a former lover who later took up the full-time hobby of slandering my reputation to any that would listen. I was able to roll my eyes and shake my head at the ridiculous rumors she had started about me murdering infants or leaving decapitated felines on her porch, but when the rumors became believable to her audience, sounding too much like actual criminal acts rather than Satanic-scare fantasy, I realized that this person for whom I had once felt deep love needed to be silenced. When a friend of mine asked me in confidence if I had sexually assaulted this past lover, as she was beginning to loudly claim, or if I had forced sex on one of her friends (both accusations being far from true), I began to plan for her silence.

That night I performed a ritual of destruction, which is given later in this text in its exactness. I created an image of my victim out of soft, white wax, making the features in the face of the effigy match those of the girl's which stood out in my mind most clearly. Into the

chest of the image I embedded a heart-shaped locket that she had given me for my birthday. Linking the effigy to my victim through intense visualizations and the ritual transubstantiation of the wax into the flesh and spirit of my victim, I looked upon the effigy as if I were looking upon her. As if she were seated, shackled and thrashing in my court, I recited the list of her offenses against me, none of which the piece of wax spoke against. With the announcing of her crimes a rage bubbled deep inside of me and could not be contained. Taking my ritual dagger in my hand, I stabbed the wax figure in the center, and unlike the expectations that I had been fed by Hollywood, the blade did not slide out of the wax with ease when I tried to pull it out, but instead forced me to hold it in place with my left hand while my rage was vented through my right. My fury played out so violently through my stabbings and slashings that my left hand was nicked several times by the blade, my blood splashing on the wax and being driven into its center with the next blow – the whole time keeping my blistering stare locked into the misted eyes of my victim, whom I could see clearly in my mind through the wax link I had created.

The anger broke like a week-long fever and the brimstone that seemed to be dripping from my pores turned to rain as I collapsed on my floor, still trying to stab the wax as I sobbed. I felt as if I had entered my victim, as if for a moment I had possessed her, and that in killing her, I was killing myself, because I was inside of her. And I continued to kill, even if the death was my own.

This type of Magick, the likes of which compresses sometimes years of emotion, will, and desire into a short amount of time, leaves the Operator with a unique form of exhaustion, where his being threatens to fall into the blackness of unconsciousness entirely, but the will is maintained only long enough to give the final command to destroy. I fell under this exhaustion where even my tears were too tired to roll. I pulled myself to my knees, swooning and wanting nothing more than to surrender to black sleep, and I gave the command, "Silence the lips of _____, so she can no longer speak lies. Sew them shut so that my name cannot be uttered by her." Through the fog of pending psychological oblivion, a black light turned on in me and a force awakened with sadistic purpose. "Blacken her heart against all that is good. Keep happiness from her. I am that which she hates, and like me she will become. She will not die, but will live long and will suffer

every day of it." At the final word, I again collapsed. My body could no longer hold itself up, nor could my mind sustain itself. I entered the abyss that awaited me, and only moments before falling out of awareness, I saw through my cracked eyelids three shadows without owners enter my room through the window. They soared above me in circles, and drew closer as I drifted farther from the flesh. In the moment that I left consciousness, the three shadows entered me.

I awoke the next morning surrounded by melted candle wax and stale incense smoke... and the three visitors who I had through the night tried to believe were products of my imagination. Although, because of my return to a state of ordinary consciousness, I could no longer see them, I could feel them with me, as three distinct individual intelligences whose minds and awareness were linked with mine. As I went out into the city, I could sense them there as my constant companions, and steady reminders of the darkness that had consumed the previous night.

Living in a small town, I happened to run across my victim, my once lover, that day. When my eyes met her, I no longer felt the same ache in my chest that was my constant reminder of the happiness that we shared, nor did I feel the pangs of her betrayal. Instead, on that day when I saw her, I felt sorrow. It was as if when I looked at her, I could see the brightness that she carried with her always fading into a muddy grey. I could see her innocence blackening and her sweet naïveté being carried away by those three demonic friends that accompanied me. I wanted to end it right then, wanted to take away the curse that was already killing the best parts of this girl... but I knew that there was no way.

Her future became exactly as I had forged it that night, dark and filled with depression. Even her blood began to turn against her, causing an unknown and incurable disease that would not cripple or kill her, but would leave her miserable, embarrassed, afraid to be around others, terrified of the light of the sun that might reveal the blackness inside of her – that might reveal the curse that she has since carried.

Interestingly, although the human that lingered within me wanted to relieve her of the suffering that I had invoked, the objective part of myself, the part of my being that acted upon necessity rather than reacted to subjective stimuli, knew that the curse needed to run its course, and that all of my efforts to the contrary would be in vain. I

took the locket that she had given me, that had been used as a central link in the ritual of the curse, sealed it in a small envelope and gave it to a mutual friend to return to her, as he saw her daily. He brought the envelope back to me, the seal opened and the locket still inside, with the report that she refused to take it, saying that she could feel that the locket was cursed. I buried the locket in the dirt, putting to rest in a funereal way my feelings of anger, my feelings of hurt, and my feelings of guilt. I buried all of that emotion and allowed the curse to take her fully.

It is not difficult to relegate the profound and horrifying effects of Baneful Magick to the power of emotion and focused will. Many of the modern occult writers, in attempting to briefly touch upon the subject of Baneful Magick without inspiring too much interest, hold the position that it is the human emotion, the raw desire to affect the world that causes the effect. They attempt to glorify the defecating and dying man by moving the importance of Magick away from the Magick itself and onto the Practitioner. There is a meeting of the man and the Magick in the crossroads of eternity, and in that meeting the spirit and the invoker, the power and the possessor merge, uniting the upper with the lower. In actuality, it is this very transfiguration, the returning of the individual man to his original godlike state, which causes any Magick to take effect. Perhaps this absolute Black Magick possesses such tremendous force and phenomenon because of the rage that flows from the Magician – it causes him to lose himself, to forget his limitations, and to give himself over to the powers of darkness from which or whence he came.

It is therefore erroneous to assume, as so many "Magickal Masters" do through their teachings, that rage is the power of the curse. Rather, rage is the gateway to the realm of the power, a realm wherein energy and motion are entirely unformed and malleable in the hands of the Sorcerer. The mechanics of all Magick and miracle is to act as a god and not a man – to enter the secret hallways of the being wherein the door to Throneroom of the Divine is hidden. This is done by losing oneself in the ritual, through becoming overwhelmed by the symbols of the ceremony that the forces which they represent solidify in the moment and begin to create. All doubt is drowned in the fugue of immediate Ascent, causing seas to part, mountains to crumble, valleys to be risen up, and armies to be flung down.

PREPARING FOR POWER

Most forms of ritual and Magick require a great deal of preparation in order to successfully discharge, especially those more advanced Operations such as astral projection, evocation of spirits, serying, or types of invocation or possession. A general rule is that the more power that is needed for the end result the more difficult the Operation will be to perform, and the more prior training and development of the psychic and Magickal faculties is needed. If the Magician has not trained his senses to behold a demon, he may very well summon it forth, but it will do him little good as he may not be conscious of the event. Likewise, if he wishes to lift himself from his fleshy body into the air or into the aethyr, unless he disciplines his more subtle bodies to act independently and at the same time trains his physical body and his mind to release his consciousness, he will have success only in developing a headache and a deep frustration.

Baneful Magick does not adhere to this rule.

There exist very few powers as potent as that of taking a person's life through non-physical means.¹ However, all of these require years, if not lifetimes of study, training, discipline, and practice, like most other advanced forms of Magick. The power of Baneful Magick, however, is so innate, so atavistic that it cannot be tapped through study, but only through application. The formulas given in this text, coupled with the true desire to kill, produce results spontaneously. There is a peaking moment in the curse in which the Sorcerer finds his murderous will spilling from him with more vehemence than he is capable of withstanding, the force of it tearing at his skin and breaking his psyche. This moment is followed by an enormous collapse of the will, when the sun has burned brighter than it has in millennia and then collapses quickly and completely; it is at this moment of collapse that the Operator gives the final command, which is the letter of the law which is sealed up on earth and in the heavens – a moment when often, our true power is not discovered in struggling and the will to power or to result, but instead in the release of desire altogether, and the release of a possible

outcome, but the simple fact that in that moment, the victim is dead.

You cannot "practice" killing in this method - killing as the gods kill. If you are moved to kill with this Baneful Magick, you will take the rites given in this text and you will kill. You will not try - you will kill. While you can study this, or any other text on murder, sacrifice, and black Magick, you will never understand the subject until you have taken a life and find yourself Pariah to Divine or human acceptance and possessed of the necessity to become a God and a Law unto yourself, for no other would have you.

The only mental, psychological, or psychic preparation needed for the successful Operation of Baneful Magick is naturally occurring: the agitation of the Operator to the degree that his evil eye turns towards the victim. The annoyance, rage, humiliation, fear, or whatever other emotions are evoked from the actions of the future victim will stimulate to action, and once the decision to take ritual action is made, the Magick begins to work itself.

Very few types of ritual rely as much on the Operator than the Operation for its successful completion as in Baneful Magick. It is not unusual for the Magician to spend hours of his time and quite a bit of money to collect and prepare materials for a specific ritual, especially if he happens to be working within a structured system such as that of the Golden Dawn or various Roscruisian or pseudo-Egyptian based forms of Magick. The ritual tools, the clothing, jewelry, wards, and incenses serve to focus the Sorcerer's mind singularly upon his goal and its supernatural achievement, as well as to Magickally call forth the powers necessary for the Operation.

The curse, by its very nature, requires little external motivational stimuli, as the thoughts and desires of the Operator will indeed be focused on nothing but the destruction of the victim; very few would call upon these dark powers without having already been pushed to the point of sacrificing both sanity and salvation. The Powers of Darkness also reside very close to the earth, wafting barely outside of human detection, ready to be called and waiting to take hold on the flesh of the victim. The realms of darkness which surround the earth like an invisible atmosphere are very easy to enter, and the gateways will always open when the call is given. The demons do not need much prompting to lay their hands upon the sword of God and strike.

What remains, then, is not the psychodrama normally thought of as ritual, but instead is the simple formula of conjuring the black powers to perform the function of their creation. Most of the ritual devices used in curses maintain a concrete and functional purpose, rather than a purely symbolic one. In viewing the rituals, it is easy to see the devices, such as sigils that might be used, and profess them to be symbolic. In actuality, however, even the sigils are concrete and functional, even if their function is not physically apparent, as they connect the Operator to the spirit or the energies, which are real.

As a Magician moves through his ritual career, it is natural that he will constantly question the reality of the entities and forces that he conjures, and will wonder if coincidence is to be credited for his achievements rather than some seemingly intangible power. In Baneful Magick, however, all of these insecurities pass away when he calls for the death or the suffering of another and he sees that victim's life ravished by the demons and the Powers of Darkness. Even the invisible forces which are summoned in the curse seem more tangible than in previous ritual, the darkness becoming just a bit thicker and the evil just a bit more suffocating.

THE TEMPLE

Before performing any ritual, especially those of Baneful Magick, due to the intensity of the rituals' performance and sometimes the questionable legality of them, you will need to seek out, purchase, or set apart a ritual Temple. Initially, a room in your house which bears little traffic through the day may seem like the best choice, and perhaps it is. This has worked well for me in the past, and for almost an entire year I had established a Temple in my bedroom, complete with wards and tablets drawn on the walls, a permanent ritual circle and Triangle of Manifestation drawn on the floor, and candles and censers usually left in their places as most of my free time was spent in ritual of some sort.

It seems that the Magician will involve himself in the occult lightly at first, and will either quickly leave or will just as quickly descend into the depths of it. This reaches a peak when his life becomes a series of rituals and ceremonies, his every conversation struggling to move towards the supernatural, his career becoming a part-time

venture until he can somehow "make it" as a full-time Sorcerer, his relationships and friendships sometimes awkwardly trying to take the form of ritual partnership, his clothing and style needing to somehow reflect his occult involvement, and so on. It also seems that once the Sorcerer breaks through the glass ceiling of his spiritual potential, all of this rapidly disintegrates. Magick becomes who he is, rather than what he does or says or how he looks. His clothing changes from tight leather or baggy bondage pants perhaps to Sears' khaki slacks and suit, to Wrangler's and flannel, or to faded blue jeans and grey undershirts. His life also transitions. He finds that his rituals begin bringing even greater amounts of success, both financially and emotionally. Love and friendship blossom in his life, opportunities for career advancement continually present themselves, and stability is offered by the "system" against which he previously had rebelled. In order to reap these rewards, however, he must sacrifice the obvious pretense of power and must embrace the real thing as it comes to him, and must begin to take all of the treasure that the heavens pour down upon him.

Although my morning meditation is conducted on the couch in my living room, the candles being set on my glass coffee table next to the Better Home and Garden grimoires, and minor sigil charging is done on my computer desk, and projections, remote viewing, and scrying is done wherever I am able to sit down, when I need to perform a complete ritual to obtain a dramatic and necessary alteration in reality, there is an unmarked cave laid into a sandstone mountain not far from my house which is rarely disturbed or even discovered by others. It takes me five minutes to drive to a parking spot off of the road, and another fifteen minutes to hike to the mouth of the cave.

I have found it increasingly more difficult to clear the toddler toys and diaper bags from a spot in the house, lay out any of the symbolic devices for the ritual, light candles and burn incense, call out incantations and enter into a trance state through chanting without my wife calling through the house, "Honey, what ever happened to that picture my mom gave us?" or "Babe, can you get this trash for me?" I am confident that my situation is not unique. My wife does not mean to annoy me in such ways, and if she knew that I was in ritual she would make sure to keep the house quiet... which would present another issue altogether: I might find myself deep in gnosis and ready to begin the conjurations when I hear in the next room, "Shhh, your daddy's

doing a ritual; we can't bother him right now," or I would notice the volume on the television intentionally lowered in consideration of my need for silence. Anyone who has been a dinner guest at another's home and has had to use an adjacent restroom can attest to the discomfort created by too much silence.

This is often coupled with the fact that even in utero my daughter would jump and try to run to me at the sound of my voice. Now, it does not matter if I'm coming home from work, showering, getting dressed, or making dinner, if the sound of my voice is in the air - that is where my daughter wants to be. This is wonderful for me, except in regards to ritual... and showers. I thus found it to be far more productive to let my wife know that I need a few hours to myself, toss any ritual implements in a backpack, and retreat to my Temple to perform the needed ritual.

I have also found that because of the dark nature of some specific rituals, especially those of Baneful alignment, it is better to conduct them outside of the general living space of my family. While I personally enjoy the spiritual darkness that lingers in the home long after the ritual has been completed, and which multiplies with every such ritual, it is common for this coagulation of energies to cause depression, psychological dysfunction, and sometimes severe illness after enough exposure. This comes after the more common effects of contention with one another, the inability to relax and find comfort in your own home, and the instinctive dissuading of company from visiting. Also, while children may imagine scary things in the middle of the night, and while their minds may produce images that their eyes believe they can see, every once in a while they report or react to something that is very real, and very terrifying. Even conducting my darker rituals away from home, darkness seems to trap itself around me until the victim dies, or until the demons have done whatever work I have sent them on, and at the very least I will be required to spiritually cleanse my daughter's bedroom of the evil energies that I bring home with me.

Unless you have a room that is physically and audibly shut out from the rest of your house, and you are willing to perform ritual cleansings and banishings on a regular basis, it is suggested that your Temple be established elsewhere. I have known Magicians who use 24 hour storage units for their ritual chambers instead of the natural caverns or wooded clearings that I have always preferred. One Sorcerer

with which I have Worked actually rented out an entire studio apartment to use for ritual. The only real qualification for the Temple is isolation from the world. You want to be able to give your incantations in whatever volume or tone that you need without catching the attention of any passer bys. You will also not want to be stumbled upon by hikers, strollers, or Jehovah's Witnesses while you are calling for the deaths of your enemies or are holding conversation with an entity that they most likely cannot see.

THE ALTAR

Perhaps the most universal ritual implement, an altar can be found in every religious Temple from the Mormons to the Masons, the ancient Yzedi tribes of Iraq to the now war tattered Mosques in Afghanistan. Even those ritualists who have not taken the time to find or to create a ritual Temple have altars tucked away under beds, couches, or in the backs of closets. One Voodoo Practitioner that I knew opened her closet for me one evening, revealing a full Voodoo altar and shrine adorned with the symbols of her Orisha, food and rum for the spirits, and prayer beads hanging from the clothing pole rather than plastic hangers. All that seemed to be missing were finger bones and a painted skull.

The ritual altar is entirely adaptable to the specific Working. For Works of Baneful Magick, it is best to have an altar as a slab of stone set directly on the ground. The face of it will need to be flat and level, capable of holding any items that you set upon it. It should also be free of unnatural markings such as writing or carvings.

THE DAGGER

A dagger will be required for the Operation of Baneful Magick. The handle of the dagger must be either black or red, and the length of the blade must be at least six inches. Traditionally, the blade is double edged, but for these Workings it may be more appropriate to purchase a hunting or combat knife. If it is not sharp when it is purchased, you will need to make it so, as its primary function will be to cut, and must be able to perform this function without incident. Try to avoid purchasing an ornate dagger which will distract the mind from the

Operation and the often grisly tasks that the dagger will perform.

In Western Magick, the ritual dagger is used to assert and direct the will of the magician and the Magickal currents summoned. In Baneful Magick, however, the main purpose of the dagger, as stated above, is to cut, to stab, to slice, and to kill, either symbolically upon the effigy, or sometimes quite literally.

GRAVEN IMAGES

The one purely symbolic ritual device which is used in a large percent of curses is the effigy. The bulk of rituals of Baneful Magick utilize "graven images" of the deceased, or of illustrated ways that death or affliction might be affected. These formed images are usually created during the ritual rather than beforehand, and require the immediate personal connection to the victim to make the image, rather than artistic ability.

It would be to your advantage to have a good supply of molding clay or soft wax if you intend to use this Magick frequently. Avoid obtaining clay which will harden, as you will want it to remain malleable and changeable, so that you may act upon it in the same manner that you would act upon the human victim to cause his or her demise. Simple children's salt and water-based dough will work nicely, so long as you can find a non-distracting color like white or brown, rather than the bright red, yellow, or blue that is often sold.

It has been suggested by many authors that literary or artistic works may be created in ritual to produce the same effect, but I have experienced quite the reverse. Taking a lump of clay in your hands and in a fit of rage forming the image of the victim and then physically enacting suffering upon the effigy allows the mind to take a backseat to the Power that is produced in the ritual. Producing any kind of image which might require even the smallest amount of intellectual involvement or conscious memory retrieval will detract from the emotion which shuts down the mind altogether and opens the inner gateways to the energies which will rise against the victim.

Another type of graven image may be created in some forms of Baneful Magick² and which serve the function of connecting the Sorcerer to the external powers which he summons. Aside from demonic sigils or destructive seals, "vessels" for these spirits may be made, which the

spirit will inhabit during the summoning and will remain connected to until the effect of the ritual has been achieved.

The common protective devices found in most western ritual such as Circles and Triangles are left out of the Works of Baneful Magick altogether, unless a full physical evocation of a demon is performed. These inscribed implements set apart a space in the universe in which the Operation is to take place, as well as protect the Magician from those forces which he conjures. There is no doubt that in the performance of a ritual of Baneful Magick the Sorcerer does not simply call upon evil, but he himself becomes evil – he becomes the demon and the darkness. A close union and a communion with the Powers of Darkness is essential, and while the risks of demonic possession, obsession, or control are greatly increased by the lack of Magickal protection, so are the chances of success.

Fear is an essential part of curses. The human remains shiver as the cold winds rush into the Temple and they often scream as the evil spirits ride those winds and present themselves before, or within him. This terror of the darkness is just as important to the successful placing of a curse as the hatred which draws the Operator towards the darkness. The internal dichotomy sets the Sorcerer in the Crossroads where all things are possible and where the future is unformed. It is as if at the peak of the ritual, the Operator will experience a minor degree of the darkness and despair that will be transferred to the victim and will bring to pass all of the suffering that has been commanded.

THAT OLD VOODOO

The words "curse" and "voodoo" have become synonymous for most outside of the religion or general occult studies. Most American Voodoo Practitioners will claim that their religion is a pure and good faith, and that the negativity that is so often attributed to it stems from ignorance of the religion, and of course from the modern pack mule of blame, the media. Yet somehow the personal stories of Voodoo, or more appropriately, of Hoodoo¹ being used to heal the sick, to bring money to the poor, to bring the suffering out of depression, and to divert natural disaster do not seem as prevalent as those narratives of, not from mass media, but from those who have experienced first hand the practice being used to cause tumors, cancers, and diseases, to take the wealth and good fortune even from kings, to cause an enemy to take his own life, or even to turn the tides of the seas to destroy entire cities.

I do not claim to be a Bocor or a Santero, or even an aspirant to become a true Practitioner of the African-derived system, and I do not offer here even a semblance of a thesis on the history or the religion of Voodoo or Hoodoo, but instead only return the practices to others who might be able to use them with the same efficacy as I. In fact, for the majority of my career as a student of the occult, as an Operating Magician, and later as a guide in spirituality, I avoided Voodoo and Hoodoo as if my Eternal soul depended on it. I have even warned my students, my co-Workers, and anyone else that might listen, against the ancient Root Work, having never discovered for myself the qualities and downfalls of the Magick or the religion. I never warned that it is a power that should not be tapped, for in accordance with my Knowledge, all that brings power should be possessed. Instead, I would proclaim that Hoodoo simply did not work, that it was a primitive belief system for people who needed to believe something and needed to feel as if they had some power, when in reality they withered away as a people and degraded themselves into either the stature of animals or they became the Wiccans of the south, praising a power that bound their wrists from using it at all. Again, these things I bore testimony of with absolutely

no knowledge of the reality of the thing.

I do not know why I held such contempt for the system, aside from the fact that at the time it may easily have collapsed the supposed understanding that I held about the world and about Magick once I discovered the power of simplicity. Perhaps it was the simplicity of the religion itself that disgusted me; I had spent years studying the formulas of the pentagram, the hexagram, and the Rosy Cross, and had immersed myself in the macrocosmic and Aeonie meanings of the Tarot, both Traditional and Sinister. I had perfected the science of Magick, and every brushstroke of the art of it needed to be perfectly placed, so when I looked at a system which could be likened unto finger-painting and abstract paint-splashing, it threatened the years of discipline that I had invested. On top of it all, according to most everyone but me, that sloppy system worked! When the average person wants to put a slang name to effective Magick, they don't normally say, "Somebody's using Thelemic Tantra against me," or "This has got to be Goetic Evocation that's causing all of this misfortune." No, they will say, "It's definitely Voodoo!" For years, I was secretly throbbing with jealousy.

My interest in finally learning the truth about Voodoo and Hoodoo actually stemmed from my interest in, and eventual use of an ancient Mayan ritual system. I tapped into a primitive force whose powers seemed to dwarf that of Victorian Magick.

For years I have been drawn to the Magick and religion of the ancient Americas, instinctively sensing a power in their methods, and having all of the scientific and mathematical evidence to prove my instincts right. I buried myself in book after book detailing their religion, social hierarchies, warfare, and fables. Even with the little written history that survived the Christian iconoclasm, the richness of life and knowledge possessed by the Mayans is overwhelming. Study, however, did not sate my need for understanding, and I soon began to piece together a ritual of obtaining a vision, which I have called Awakening the Vision Serpent, which I have briefly, and intentionally incompletely outlined in my previous writings.

The ritual involved bloodletting, for which I employed the knife that I use for hunting, cutting the skin across my chest, from my left shoulder to my right hip, and gathering the blood on strips of parchment, which were placed in a porcelain bowl. I invoked the spirits of the four winds Ix, Cauac, Kan, and Mulac, and then called upon

Itzamna, son of Hunab Ku, bringer of lightening and rain and illuminator of man, asking that the Vision Serpent be awakened and appear before me. The essence that filled the Temple at the calling of Itzamna's name was overwhelming, suffocating, not in smothering darkness or blinding light, but in pure power and presence. I lit the paper strips in the bowl on fire, and despite the blood that soaked them, they flared as if covered in gasoline, producing a thick grey smoke which rose in a seamless column, slithering through the air in the Temple.

The Vision Serpent did awaken, and did rise, and there is little that I can attest to that would illustrate anything of the experience aside from the fact that the glass house that I had spent years building was in an instant crushed.

There were no ritual tools aside from the hunting knife that I had used to draw blood and the bowl which held the bloodied strips of paper. There were no orations to deities or sutras to bring me into proper vibration with the currents I was using. All of these things occurred spontaneously, automatically, as if the system itself held power, rather than my belief in the system or my proper utilization of it. Yet, a raw and primordial power awakened, not just in me, but in the world, and it came to me and it offered its power to me, and I drank of it.

Although I fully understand that Voodoo, Hoodoo, Santeria, Yoruba, and the like are unique and independent of one another, and that all are entirely different from the practices of the Mayans, they possess a similar thread, which is the power that is produced not by discipline, but by discipleship. The occult practices of these systems is not a science or an art, but instead is a way, a path to power, a doing rather than a trying, and is a Becoming rather than a searching. I have not discarded the Western Magick that has taught me the secrets of Ascent, but I do indeed see them now as extensions of the same source, branches of the same tree, which are often confused, especially by their adherents, as being bound by duality and the precepts that our secular sciences are just now beginning to touch upon.

While this book is not intended to even imitate a discourse in the occult practices of Voodoo, and indeed the rituals herein are largely not of that paradigm, the power accessed through Voodoo and its similar practices is difficult to refute, especially when used to procure the death

or torment of others.

Power is alive, not just for those that believe it or for those that pronounce the correct words or make the proper gestures in the air, but exists for all who desire to possess it and who come to the fountain thirsty and ready to drink. All that brings power should be possessed.

VESSELS OF POWER

After studying the basics of Hoodoo Magick, my first task was to prepare the physical implements needed. A target was decided on, as an experimental victim whose absence would greatly benefit the world. Even the Satanic, the sinister, the predators themselves here are aghast at my audacity to make such a decision, to decide the fate of a human being, as an experiment, nonetheless! If it makes anyone feel better, this person was nominated as a Magickal sacrifice on several occasions due to her actions against others, and each time I turned away the accusers, as I do not sell Magickal services nor do I do Magickal favors. I would turn the accusers away with a smile and an offer to instruct them in the manner in which they could affect a curse themselves - but nobody wants blood on their own hands. So, when the time came to use Hoodoo, not to heal or to bring bounty, but to affect an alteration of reality that could not be denied or assumed to be coincidence, this victim, who I will refer to only as R., was the first to come to mind.

I procured the fetish link to R., through a few pieces of her handwriting, and stuffed them inside of a doll sewn together by my wife, along with a few herbal ingredients. Despite popular belief, Hoodoo curses are much more involved than simply making a doll and sticking pins into its chest.

One of the most primary implements used in this type of Hoodoo curse is the Eleggua Head, which is a cement or plaster head or bust, usually constructed in an oval shape with cowry shells as the eyes, nose, ears, and mouth. It is said to be representative of the entity Eleggua, also called in Voodoo Papa Legba, or in Candomble is called Exu, or as is often pronounced, Eshu. In the American and western views, Exu is a Voodoo god, an earth spirit, or a demon. Voodoo, however, does not seem to possess the same necessity to label and categorize a thing in order to utilize it. Exu is an emissary of the Eternal, given absolute power over the physical plane, and is not bound in that which it can or cannot do.

Being an emissary, and therefore a type of mediator between man and God, Exu is the spirit of the crossroads between here and beyond, between the past and the future, between man and his Limitless potential.

Correct understanding of Exu is obscured when the student of the various African-derived religions encounters the various Exu spirits, such as Exu Rei or Exu da Capa Preta. A few different ideas have come from this, the most common being that Exu is not necessarily the name of a spirit or entity, but is instead a family name, each spirit being a "member" of this spirit family. Another common belief is that Exu, being a Lokian-type trickster, will assume different forms to this end.

Of course, the disciples of modern backward science and psychology are sure, as they are with all forms of spirituality, that Exu and its many forms are constructs of the minds of men and are simple personifications of natural elements. These arguments can always be reversed, in that the scientists are priests of a religion that makes up names for natural forces that they do not understand, and has created an entire belief-system of invisible quarks and neutrons that, because of their great devotion, only they can see. And, like the Great Christian churches, you must believe in their science or you will be cut off from education, society, and commerce, and will be flung to the lowest rungs of living. The argument can be reversed again, in that Exu does indeed exist as only a part of my mind, as do the scientists, the Houngans, the authors of the books from which I learn, my neighbors, my wife, the family that raised me. None of them exist in any real and concrete way, but only as believable constructs of my mind, so that I might experience and learn while in this incarnation. The explanations of science are just as silly as these.

From the experience I have had with several diverse manifestations of Exu, my understanding, albeit likely tainted by my western education, is that Exu is not an embodiment or a "spirit" in the ordinary sense of the word, but is more of a Spirit, as in an incorporeal spiritual or supernatural force. Exu is not bound to a specific embodiment or to a set of embodiments, or to any form at all, but only expresses itself in different, unique, and independent personalities for the singular purpose of intelligible intercourse with humans. This can be imagined as a drifting darkness which, when called or when agitated, culminates and takes on the form of its current state.

The Eleggua Head or Exu Head then becomes the vessel for this

power and this presence during the Hoodoo Ritual. It is said that without this vessel, having been brought to life² through the appropriate means, and without the invocation of Exu, success in the specific Operation or in these Dark Arts altogether will never be achieved.

It is often recommended that the Magician purchase the Eleggua Head from a local botanica, as they are normally owned and operated by practicing Santeros, and the Heads will most likely have been made and consecrated by them. Living in a small, southwestern town, I consider myself lucky to find an occasional Israel Regardie or Christopher Hyatt work in a bookstore or ritual candles in a Smoke Shop. Most of the Santeros, Brujos, Bocors, or even western Magicians keep their practices from the eyes and ears of the Christian population; setting up shop has always proven to be an unfruitful endeavor. My next option was the internet, on which I found "large" Eleggua Heads that were a maximum of 4 inches tall, which was much smaller than I had originally envisioned. Honestly, it would take quite a bit of focus for me to complete a ritual without bursting into laughter at objectively seeing myself holding conversation with an idol smaller than the palm of my hand.

I decided, then, that I would do as those Santeros do, and as was done long before any of them had ever established a public botanica: I would make the Head myself.

I bought a box of quick-set plaster powder, specifically made for children – so I KNEW that I wouldn't get confused. I laid out some newspaper on my coffee table, mixed the plaster powder with water until it was slightly thicker than mashed potatoes, and poured it into a mixing bowl until it started to harden enough to shape. I turned the bowl upside down on the newspaper, gave the backside of it a few pats, and a perfect hemisphere plopped out onto my table.

Reciting an incantation that I had come across for the specific Exu that I intended to call upon, I focused my awareness, released my brain from its duties, and allowed my hands to begin working on the Eleggua Head without any influence other than that which I had Called. Rather than forming the plaster into the traditional oval shape, I left it mainly hemispherical, using my hands to smooth the plaster and to shape a face. I added a chunk of soft plaster to make a nose, pressed in eye sockets with my thumbs, and carved a slitted mouth with a putty knife.

When the physical forming of the Head was complete, I let the plaster dry on a nearby table while I watched a movie with my wife. Every time I looked up from the television screen and saw the Head, however, I instantly became disturbed by the sight of it. The face was simple, and altogether neither benign nor hideous, yet it triggered something in my deep memory that made me uneasy. I finally stood up, grabbed the nearly hardened Eleggua Head, and said, "That's it! I can't look at this thing any more... it's creeping me out."

I wrapped it up in black cloth and stuck it in my closet until the appointed day of consecration. I could not and still cannot explain what disturbed me so about the Head, aside from some forgotten memory of the blank, white face and the sunken eyes. I knew, however, that once it was brought to life, it would serve its function flawlessly.

VESSELS OF LIFE

One of the most disturbing aspects of the Voodoo practices to the average uninitiated is that of blood sacrifice. In ritual Magick, the spilling of blood is used as either a type of blasphemous rite wherein the Sorcerer hopes to divorce himself from his social and religious programming, or is used in its literal form as a way of releasing from the victim immeasurable amounts of raw energy which can be shaped and directed towards a specific goal. While in Voodoo the latter is usually a portion of the potency of blood sacrifice, a good deal more of it seems to be in the blood itself and in the various organs of the sacrifice.

A good deal of the literature and the mass information in the United States either minimizes or altogether fails to mention the importance and prevalence of blood sacrifice in Voodoo. Most American Practitioners, when they are so often questioned on this subject, will either state that although animal sacrifices are used in Voodoo, there are so many other aspects of the religion that outweigh this grisly portion of it, or they will begin to make excuses and rationalizations for the practice, comparing it to the millions of slaughterhouses in the country or to the farmer who kills his own hogs for breakfast. The slaughterhouses are not Temples, however, and the farmer rarely dances, sings, or chants to a rapid, ceremonial drumbeat while slitting the pig's throat, nor does he use the blood to make Magickal markings on objects or on himself, or leaves the organs on an altar for the spirits

that he has called to feed on. None of these things necessarily make blood sacrifice in the context of a Voodoo ritual "bad," but it should be made clear that it is not the killing of the animal that has caused such an outrage, nor the manner in which the animal dies, but instead is the fact that a sacrifice has been made to spirits who will answer the Sorcerer's call and who will effect great and consequential change in reality because of it. It is not fear of the sacrifice, but is fear of the purpose of the sacrifice, and the end result of it.

After I had constructed the Eleggua Head, I was left with the task of bringing the thing to life, imbuing it with the manifold powers of Exu. This is always done in a ritual of sacrifice.

In Voodoo, the animal sacrifices are usually those of food animals, such as chickens, lambs, or sometimes cattle. While this very well may have its origin in necessity, as all that was killed was needed for food as well, either way it has become the general sacrifice for the Voodoo spirits, much like the rum that is left in graveyards or the food left out for the dead. It has always been rumored that botanicas carry white pigeons or sometimes even doves that are sold as "pets," and used in such sacrificial rites. One Practitioner would sit at the city park with a bag of dried bread crumbs and heavy net, feeding the pigeons until one came close enough to catch and take home. I knew of no nearby botanicas, nor did I feel that resorting to sacrificing the stupidest park bird that I could catch would suffice for the magnitude of my Working.

I sat in silence with the symbol of Exu Da Capa Preta, the specific Exu that I intended to call for the ritual. I lit some white candles and gazed into the sigil until its substance began to change and the paper and ink became a nexion between the spirit and myself. I asked what I should sacrifice for the Operation that I had planned, and I received the mental impression of an adult black rooster. I was instructed in that silent conversation to dig a hole and lay the Eleggua Head inside. I was to take the rooster to the opening of the hole, and there I was to behead it, allowing the blood to soak the Head. I was then to discard the body of the rooster, but to leave its severed head and its left foot on the altar, and to cover the bloodied Eleggua Head with dirt, to pack the dirt down, and to not return to that Temple for three days. Exu would enter the Eleggua Head through the ground, like a dead spirit rising back into its

body, and would use the blood to bring it to life. It would then draw upon the power of the rooster's head and foot to gain full strength, and would be waiting for me to return and exhume it in three days.

Although I spent a few high school years in the southwest, and although my stepfather had owned laying hens and food hens, and we had eaten the flesh and produce of both, I myself had never procured such an animal, nor had I ever killed one. I had heard stories from my stepbrothers about the chickens running around with no heads once they had been lopped off, blood squirting from the open neck, spraying everything in sight, concluding with the moral of their tale which was that the chicken should be trapped between the ground and a bucket with its neck on the outside, so its death throes will be contained.

The first item that I bought for this venture, before the rooster, the shovel, or even the axe, was a five gallon bucket!

I then had the task of purchasing a rooster. One might think from my descriptions of my local area that where in most cities you will find 7-eleven stores, here you will find trucks filled with chickens, fresh eggs, goat's milk, and the like on every corner of our unpaved roads. We are, I admit, intentionally and willfully a few years behind the rest of the country; we are not, however, that backwoods.

Outside of our little city is a rural area that we all refer to as "the fields," which is a landscape of barley and corn fields owned by local farmers. Included in this are the minor cattle farmers, and farther out, the sand dunes where adults go to ride their ATVs and teenagers go to smoke their pot. Needless to say, the fields were well known to most everyone in the city.

When I began to brainstorm ideas for procuring a black rooster, my first thought was to steal one from one of the small farms in the fields. As I thought more about it, I realized that animal sacrifice in religious ritual is no longer illegal in the United States, so long as animal cruelty laws are kept to. My Temple was set up in a cave on public land, so I wasn't violating any trespassing laws by conducting the ritual there. The rooster would be disposed of humanely and sanitarily, so no EPA regulations would be violated. If I went and stole the rooster, however, the whole thing from start to finish would be illegal, and although the chances of being caught and cited for it weren't that great, it was an unnecessary chance. I have no moral opposition to breaking the law in even extreme ways when necessary for the

fulfillment of a greater personal goal, but why break the law if it doesn't need to be broken, for the mere sake of breaking the law?

No bird or chicken farms were listed in the phone book or available on the internet, so I figured that I would have to do a lot of the legwork myself. I "coincidentally" took cigarette breaks with those coworkers of mine who seemed by knowing them the types of people who would have bought chickens sometime recently, and in casual conversation I mentioned that I was looking for a rooster for my mom. When asked why she would want a rooster, I'd shrug my shoulders and say, "I don't know, she's getting kind of old and she's not quite with it!" One of my coworkers helped me in the formation of my alibi by letting me know that roosters ate bugs, and if my mom had a lot of property, she probably wanted one to clear out some of the bugs. My eyes gleamed as my story was complete.

None of the good-ol'-boys that I asked pointed me anywhere but to the local want-ads, which I searched and found nothing. Finally, as a last effort, I asked a coworker of mine if, by any chance, he knew where to buy a rooster. He retrieved his cellular phone and called his mother-in-law, who lived in a small, polygamous town in between Utah and Arizona, which was not too far of a drive from my city. He hung up the phone minutes later, scribbled a name and phone number down and handed it to me.

"They'll sell you an adult rooster for ten dollars."

I called the number, speaking with a very kind, but leery woman who informed me that although autumn was the wrong season for finding adult roosters, her neighbor happened to have a few. All of them were, however, red rather than the necessary black. I rationalized to myself that red is also a Martian color, the color of blood and fire, and it might also work, not nearly as well as a black rooster, but well enough.

I checked my calendar and circled a seven day window in which the ritual could be performed. I had been disciplined in my earliest studies to always watch the seasonal and lunar phases when planning an important ritual. A heavily waning moon is perfect for this type of Magick³, and a new moon works as well. The nearest new moon fell on a Sunday night, allowing the weekend to perform the ritual, not only aligning perfectly with the autumnal season and the celestial energies, but also aligning with my Monday through Friday work schedule.

Due to circumstances, I wasn't able to pick up the rooster right

away, but the kind lady agreed to hold it for me for a week. That Sunday evening I drove to the small town and met the seller. She was exactly as her voice had hinted at: kind, helpful, but still a bit wary of me. After shaking her hand and chatting about life, work, and the weather, she took me to see my rooster, which she had put in a box with some corn feed. I peered inside to find not the red rooster that I had compromised on, but instead a large, beautiful, black one. She looked a little nervous and said, "I hope a black one will work for you. We had a red one at first, but..." She glanced at her son, a young boy who went on about his interest in the grisly prospect of raising and eventually killing hens, and she found it difficult to continue her story of the first rooster that she had found for me. "Well, I won't tell you what happened to it, but it died. It was pretty awful." The red rooster that she had for me, which was not what Exu had demanded, was killed in a manner so awful that the young boy whose eyes caught starlight when recounting his adventures with lopping chickens' heads off would be disturbed by, resulting in me instead receiving that which I needed, and that which was more rare for the area. I took the rooster and tried my best to give the woman more money for her tremendous trouble and for the death of the first rooster, but she refused.

VESSEL OF THE FLESH

I am quite certain that there are those who have purchased an Eleggua Head, have charged it in some manner, have set up an altar or a shrine to the Exu he or she is calling, have recited the correct incantations to summon Exu forth, have stuck pins in dolls or buried bundled herbs together under a full or a new moon, and have experienced nothing, neither in the ritual or afterwards.

The nearly unmatched efficacy of Voodoo, when measured against western forms of effectual Magick, appears not to lie in the basic rituals themselves, as they are essentially nothing more than folk Magick, but instead in the powers and entities summoned preceding each rite. The Exus or Orishas, the Gods and the spirits that attend hear the pleas of the dancers and singers, they see the signs, the seals, and the actions of the Sorcerers, they experience the anguish and the need of the followers, and they answer their cries in spades.

Evocation in the western world is performed through controlled

ritual actions which produce certain phenomena, resulting in the eventual appearance of the spirit inside of a Triangle of Manifestation, conversation between the Evocator and the Summoned, some form of agreement to alter reality, and a dismissal. Although supernormal emotions and sensations rise in the Operator during the ritual of evocation, self control is maintained; the inner experiences are kept from leaping forth fully and are instead channeled into the ritual itself.

Western Magick also presents the Magician with the art of invocation, which is a similarly controlled ritual of calling within oneself a particular spirit, energy, or deity. The entity called enters the body of the invocator, and a type of psychic melding takes place.

In this manner as in most others, Voodoo does not conform to that which should be. In ritual, the Loa, the Exu, the Orishas, and the spirits of the dead manifest, usually not in a physical and substantial form as is possible through forms of western evocation, but is present and undeniable nonetheless. Of great interest is the occurrence of the spirit or spirits manifesting in the ritual in a semi-tangible form, yet at the same time making themselves manifest within the Operator, or a specific celebrant. It is as if the intelligent and manifest essence of the spirit fills the entire Temple and rests within every piece of it, even the Operators.

The essence of the spirits having filled the Temple and imbued everything within, it then will begin to shift its weight, so to speak, towards one or a few objects or people, which will become, as Christians would say, possessed.

In such a state where spiritual rapture has overwhelmed the flesh, the brain, and the nerves of the physical being, where the Operator and the subject find union within one form, the Sorcerer no longer acts upon this world with the limited reach of a man, but instead acts with the power and purpose of the Loa or Exu that is called. Often, a noticeable, physical transfiguration takes place, wherein the features of the possessed seem to distort dramatically, and their postures and actions are easily recognized as those of the possessor.

Although the essence and incorporeal intelligence of the entity fills the Temple and will often inhabit at least one person, full possession is not always automatic. The practice of Voodoo ceremony includes often rapid drumbeating, loud singing, wild dancing, and sometimes sexual elements, and in solitary ritual the same effects will be strived

for through the frenzied repetition of incantations and conjurations and through extreme emotional outburst.

One of the first physical manifestations of possession is spasmodic jerking of the limbs. A ceremonial dance will suddenly become spastic and the dancer's movements will be altogether unnatural. A kneeling Sorcerer's arms will throw themselves into the air, his whole body twitching as the spirit enters. A singer will be silenced as she falls to the dirt, writhing like Damballah. Usually, the first gyrations are minor, and are easily either disregarded or stifled before the Sorcerer makes a scene. This is a key to the successful practice of Voodoo - do not fight that power and the presence of the spirits. If you resist whatever may come, the spirit can easily take you, but may often decide to find another. Give in to the dictates of the forces which surround you. Become one with the powers that you have conjured. Full of fear and apprehension, forget yourself and leap into the fire of the furnace of creation.

This period of physical instability, when the body jerks and convulses, occurs when the spirit has entered the body and is taking control of its every cell. It is much like a large array of florescent lights being powered on; while most of the lights turn on instantly, there are always a few that flash and blink, or even strobe before lighting. The spirit is attempting to "mount" the possessed, to fully possess her, so that it can "ride" her body without difficulty.

During this process of "mounting," the possessed is likely to "speak in tongues," or to become subject to glossolalia, making sounds which hold all of the characteristics of organized language, yet are entirely unrecognized as words in any known language. Most paranormal researches attribute this to the spirit's attempt to control the vocal abilities of the possessed as well, the result being the same chaotic impulses as are manifested by the physical spasms. A few others, a strict minority, feel that the sounds issuing from the possessed are indeed words, and that rather than being a sign of the spirit's struggle to take control over the possessed, that the speaking is indeed an omen of the full possession of the mounted, the spirit proclaiming its presence in the physical world in its own tongue.

Looking only at the jerking limbs and the glossolalia, the whole thing may seem rather Pentecostal or revivalist, imitating the cheap tricks and emotional upheaval of a desperate audience. In Voodoo,

however, the difference between the two is seen when the possessed no longer rolls in the dirt and shouts alien obscenities, but takes His seat as if it were a throne and begins to command the elements of the universe into realignment, or delivers unobtainable knowledge to His attentive disciples.

There is something about Voodoo that makes it much more tangible than other systems of Magick and religion. The energies summoned are not as distant and fleeting. The Loa always seem to be there, waiting to be called upon. The spirits seem nearer to the earth than any other, as if their home is not in some other plane or place, but is in-between the worlds, closer to this side than to the other.

Success in Voodoo has absolutely nothing to do with the ritual, nor with the Sorcerer. Instead, it is entirely dependant upon the presence of the entities conjured, and their willingness to move mountains on the Sorcerer's behalf.

After studying the basic beliefs and practices of Voodoo, I sought in my western mind a method by which the whole thing may be made usable to the average Practitioner. In the experimental ritual of destruction cited in this chapter, from the moment of choosing a victim to the construction of an Elegua Head to the sacrifice of the rooster to the final placing of the curse, I began to piece together the practices which allow anyone, regardless of belief system or cultural heritage, to use this immense power to bring destruction to their enemies and to wield vengeance and justice in their lives. Throughout the remainder of this text, the foundation given in this chapter will be used when using Voodoo as a form of Baneful Magick, and the exact ritual of Magickally murdering R. will be concluded and the results will be given.

While the greatest part of this book and the rituals therein are of western derivative, Voodoo is too powerful of a source to be left alone completely. Those Hoodoo rituals that are offered throughout are *known* to work, through experiential application, rather than speculative assumption.

When considering placing a curse, even jokingly without any real intent to do so or belief in the matter altogether, the average person's desire will not be to kill, but simply to cause mild pain or inconvenience to their prey, even if this "desire" is come to after deliberation of the

moral reprehensibility of actually killing someone.

Often, my students or Practitioners of other paths have approached me with failed curses, reporting that they had prayed to "The Goddess" or had called out to the elements and the Watchtowers to make their enemies' hair fall out, or to make them break up with a boyfriend. I have even heard similar reports from accomplished Black Magicians, demonists, and Satanists, who called the correct names, gave the appropriate commands, but nothing ever happened. Most interestingly, I have received these same reports from those who have killed through Baneful Magick, when they later have attempted to simply maim through ritual.

The curse requires a good deal of personal forfeiture on the part of the Sorcerer. Greater sacrifices are made than those of blood, as the Magician must first sacrifice the ingrained system of ethics which he mistakenly calls his morals, for he knows that in using these Dark Arts to kill, he is placing himself above the laws of both god and the land. In the ritual itself, he also sacrifices his ability to view the world in separate parts: the physical and the spiritual – because he begins to see how closely the two are entwined. In his ritual actions, he often sacrifices his pride, as he will find himself screaming, violently discharging, swearing at, and sobbing over a doll that is no bigger than his hand. The shimmering beauty of ritual, the candles and incense, the ceremonial calls, the meditations – they are all forgotten when Baneful Magick is Worked. The performance of a curse is an ugly thing, and the results are even more so. Finally, the Sorcerer must again sacrifice his pride as he requests of the powers that he summons to destroy his enemy, for he alone cannot.

When a person enters a ritual aimed at ending another's life, all of these points are remembered, and all of the principles of Baneful Magick are kept to, as often the necessity of the ritual is tremendous. When that same person enters a ritual aimed at simply harming another, however, they feel that they must hold back a bit, that the ugliness and violence and the sacrifice is not quite as requisite.

Baneful Magick is the destructive arm of the Eternal, the Powers of Darkness which are capable of destroying all that has been created. It can be focused upon a single organ or even an invisible aspect of a person, or it can be released like a black flood which will annihilate entire civilizations. The exact Operations differ slightly depending on

the specific result desired, but bear in mind that the same power is called whether you intend to kill or to harm. And that power does not feel sympathy for the victim, nor is it blinded by facades of morality. The principles of Operation remain unchanged from ritual to ritual, the only difference being the manner in which the Powers of Darkness are directed at the victim.

PART I : BRINGER OF PAIN

CANDLE MAGICK CURSES

Through my entire life I have held an interest in the practice and a firm belief in the power of Magick, despite the disciplinary dissuasion of my fundamentalist parents or the brimstone admonitions of my childhood church. At twelve years old, I began to study the history of witchcraft, demonology, and ritual Magick. I pored through books detailing the demonic orgies of European and colonist witches, in which the devil himself was likely to appear and to defile the women with his horned phallus. I was able to find one particular book which gave detailed accounts of wealthy and prominent men selling their souls to various devils, and even saw the photocopied images of the original contract, with the name of the seller signed in crusted, brown blood and the initials of the devil given in beautiful calligraphic script.

My studies eventually led me to the reality of ritual Magick, and into the discipleship of my first Masters, where I would learn the science of the occult. All of this was strictly study, however, for the first few years. It was not until I was fifteen years old when I decided that my desire for change in and control over my life had grown strong enough to begin utilizing the tools that I had so carefully collected. My first rituals were those of Candle Magick.

There exist in the physical world three great gateways between the realms of matter and spirit: blood, water, and flame. These three can be said to exist not fully in one plane or the other, but are in the between planes. Through any of these three mediums, the Sorcerer can send himself into the spiritual realms, bypassing the need for standard methods of astral projection¹ or bilocation. These gateways open in both directions, however, and through them spiritual powers can be pulled to earth to take form in this world, or energies can be sent back through to seed themselves in the formative plane and become reality.

In ritual, this gateway is ordinarily accessed through fire, which sits atop a wax candle.

In Candle Magick, the ritualist lights a candle, the color of which

is to correspond with his desire, and first uses the flame of the candle as a focal point in meditation. His goal is to clear his mind of all thoughts of daily activities, and also to clear his emotions of all fear, doubt, or uncertainty. Once this state has been achieved, the eyes still locked in the flame, the magician conjures a mental image of that which he desires, and focuses upon this image as he "wills" it to come to pass. The energy, thought, and intent of the ritual is directed from the magician into the candle's flame. Each person has a point when they are mentally and psychically drained of the desire and the will which brought them into ritual to begin with. The mental image will begin to fade, as will the desire for the outcome at all, and the resolution of the Sorcerer will dwindle. It is at this point that the visualization is brought to an end and an oration is given in the form of a command for a specific change in reality.

Candle Magick is perhaps the simplest form of ritual for the modern Practitioner to engage in, but its results can be quite startling. It was through this type of Magick that I first began experimenting with my ability to control others, or to effect future events. The results were nearly instantaneous and were always spectacular enough to leave no room for doubt as to the source of the changes. They were, however, fleeting, and I realized as I used Candle Magick more often that it allowed a momentary opportunity which needs to either be seized or disregarded the instant that it was presented. I also found that there were limits to the reach and the depth of the effects of Candle Magick. I could influence others, but I could not fully control them. I could make them act or feel or even think a certain thing, but I could not override their will entirely. I could make attraction, lust, or infatuation blossom, but deep love could not be forced through this Magick. I could disturb, mentally torment, and sometimes physically harm my enemies, but I could not maim or kill them.

Candle Magick possessed a power, and it is a power that is to be possessed. It is, however, only a starting point for the Ascendant Magician.

CANDLE COLORS

In the "spell candle" section of every New Age store, small printed cards listing all of the candle colors and their supposed powers are

available. These cards will often include little rhyming "incantations" to some goddess or another, or to the elements of the earth, that will declare your will to the universe. Of course, each of these cards makes sure to mention that black is not a "negative" color, and the candles do not create a "negative" effect, but that they neutralize energies and absorb any negativity in the area. Red, the color of blood, of violence, of the fires of war, is said to be the color of passionate love. For every virtue there is a vice, and for every good deed another wicked one awaits.

Given below is a concordance of candle colors and their uses in this Black and Baneful Magick. It may be surprising to some how easily every positive and benevolent thing may be turned against the victim of the curse.

The most obvious candle color to be used in Baneful Magick is black. These are the Works of Darkness and the Black Spirituality that the Sorcerer must embrace in order to prevail over death and hell. The black candle is the abyss that waits outside of creation to sweep in and to reclaim existence. It is the decay of the soul and the health of the victim. Just as the "White Light" witches claim that it soaks up the negativity surrounding it, the black candle soaks up the vitality of the enemy and the light of life which was once possessed. Black candles are used when the only aim is the death of the victim, unconcerned with the manner or the mechanism of demise. It is swift and sure, and usually without grandeur or show. The victim dies, and the death is never attributed to anything but the will of God. Black candles can also be used to reverse the power of other colors.

As stated above, red is the color of blood, of violence, of war. It is indeed passion, but this passion can be turned, becoming jealousy, possession, rape, and torture. It is blinding rage and megalomaniacal ambition. It is revenge and assault. It is homicide, genocide, and forced suicide. The red chakra is the Root Chakra, and is the base of the life energy of man, the will to survive and to endure, and above all, the will to power. This chakra can be reversed, either bringing a man to self-destruction or filling him with a will to power that is too great to ever be sated, using his natural godlike powers to destroy and dominate all things. The red candle is used in Baneful Magick when the death of the victim is secondary to his or her suffering, to the amount of pain

that is caused by the curse.

Silver and blue are often used in ritual for prosperity and success of various sorts. Using either or both of these candles, matched in number with black candles, you will be able to reverse your victim's success. Or using one of these candles alone, you may draw the happiness and wealth from your enemy. It is sadly assumed by most that these candles only work one way. All powers that give also take away.

Using a single green or orange candle between two black candles, or setting out one green or one orange candle alone, the health of the victim will slowly deteriorate. However, simple mental visualization and assertion of will with a green candle is rarely enough to cause illness. Other implements and actions are needed to accomplish true Baneful Magick with this color candle, as is given later in this chapter.

Yellow candles are often used for matters of physical, emotional, or spiritual protection. The same candle color can be used by the Black Magician to rob his enemy of protection, and even to turn his guardians and wards against him.

BASICS OF CANDLE MAGICK

As mentioned above, Candle Magick can be used for the accomplishment of many minor goals. It is an elementary Magick, relying on nothing but the desire of the Operator, the Operator's natural connection to the recipient, and the gateway of the candle's flame.

After choosing the color of candle to use, set it in the center of the altar in your Temple, and seat yourself before it. There is quite a bit of debate among occult scholars concerning the direction that the Magician should face when performing these rituals, some claiming that the west is perfect inversion of the traditional "White Light" opening to the east, others stating that the Sorcerer should face the physical direction of the victim, and possibly an even larger group feeling that the direction should be decided upon in relation to the exact powers and entities that are called. I have always counseled my students to face the direction that "feels" most comfortable for the ritual. This may take ten minutes of sitting down, beginning meditation, becoming uncomfortable, and moving to another spot. As Carlos Castaneda discovered in his first meeting with his Yaqui mentor, however, once

the uncomfortable, "unsafe" spots force you to retreat, you will find the one place in the universe, in your Temple, that is entirely your own.²

For these basic Candle Magick rituals, no other devices or objects should be brought into the Temple. It is always tempting to take with you a lock of hair, a photograph, penned signature, or some other fetish link to the victim or recipient, to strengthen the connection and push the results of the spell a bit harder. For these first rituals of Candle Magick, place nothing else on the altar but the colored candle.³

Candle Magick, as well as any other ritual, is prefaced with simple meditation, aimed at releasing negating or distracting thoughts and feelings from the self, and focusing the whole of the attention on the rite. Sit behind the altar, looking at the unlit candle. Make sure that you are in a comfortable position that will be easy to hold for long periods. There are few things that are as distracting to a ritual as having your legs start tingling or go numb before the first incantation is even recited. Close your eyes, straighten your back and neck, and take a deep breath in. Hold the breath for a moment and feel the air drifting in your chest. Release the breath slowly, more slowly than it was taken in. Repeat this a few times until your muscles and your limbs automatically loosen. Breathe in and out a few more times, visualizing as the breath is held that the air is magnetically drawing all of your anxiety and tension to it, and as you breathe out, feel that tension being released from you, dispersing in the air.

Open your eyes and look straight ahead, at the altar and the candle. The Temple will appear cleaner, the colors slightly sharper to your new, relaxed and receptive vision. Light the candle and look into the flame. Relax your vision, relax your eyes, and relax your forehead. It is natural for you to begin tightening these muscles as you concentrate, and as soon as you notice that you are doing so, consciously, but gently remind yourself to relax.

As you gaze into the candle's flame, bring to mind an image, a single frozen picture, of the end result for which you are Working. Focus on this picture and begin imbuing it with meaning. What is it that you desire? Why is this goal important to you? How will you feel when it is accomplished? It is especially important to focus on the feeling, the emotion of the thing, rather than allowing your mind to ramble in monologue, listing the hows and whys of the situation. Connect with the feeling, not of desiring the thing, but of having it. Focus on your

mental picture as having already come about. You will notice a certain moment, a unique nanosecond when you achieve this feeling of uniting the present state with the future formation. Once you find this, own it, lock on to it, allow the feeling to run through your whole being. This will often produce a giddy response – you will want to immediately leave the ritual simply to celebrate the instant achievement of your goal. You have planted the seed for the alteration of reality, and now you must raise that seed up until it becomes real.

Continue concentrating on the candle's flame, on the mental image of your goal, and on the emotion of having reached that goal. Sense, as you do so, the energy that rises in you and refuses to be contained. Notice this energy moving from you into the flame. You will not have to "will" this to happen, or visualize it in any way, for it is automatic and spontaneous. Simply become aware of it happening.

You will reach a point when your concentration will naturally begin to wane. You will have thoughts jump into your mind, perhaps even related to the ritual, like, "This is really working!" or "Wow, I'm actually going to make _____ happen!" You may also find the mental image fading, or the emotion of having achieved your goal dulling. When this waning process begins, bring your attention back to your breathing, and sense the last pieces of your desire and formed energy leaving you and entering the candle's flame.

In a calm, clear voice, state your desire, in an affirmative tense. It is helpful for most beginners to do this in the name of or by the power of an external being or force. If there is a particular deity that you feel connected to, you may use their name if appropriate. Otherwise, simply say, "By the Powers of Magick (or, if appropriate, the Powers of Darkness), I command that (state your specific desire)."

Blow out the candle's flame and, leaning over the altar, inhale the smoke that rises up. State, "It is done."

The candle should be put away and not used again for any other goal.

This basic Candle Magick ritual can be used for any simple goal, and the process outlined above will be used as a foundation for the examples of Candle Magick curses given below, and for any curse using Candle Magick that you should desire to put to work.

CANDLE MAGICK CURSES

1. Place a black, tapered candle on the center of the altar. Meditate, clearing and focusing your senses. Light the candle and gaze into the flame. Bring to mind an image of your enemy. Often, the first image that comes to mind is of the victim being happy and not suffering the least bit of misery. Allow this to be, and actually use it to feed your desire for the victim's destruction. Turn this image into one of suffering, imagining the exact end result that you desire. Try not to visualize this as a running scenario, but instead as one final outcome. Focus on this and feel the reality of it, the future reality entering the present state. Feed the candle's flame with your hatred and your pain. It is often helpful at this point to begin venting your rage verbally by repeating a phrase such as "Kill him, kill him, kill him!" or "Make him suffer, Make him suffer!" As you do these things, do not allow yourself to retreat within your mind and your own misery, but continue to push your energy from yourself towards your enemy. When the rage begins to subside and your concentration begins to wane, gaze into the candle and say, "By the Powers of Darkness, I open the gates of hell and I call upon all of the demons to surround (victim's name) and to (state your specific desire)." As you are making this statement, do not doubt the power of your command, and do not allow your conviction to waver. If you do not desire harm to come to your victim, make no command at all, politely dismiss the powers that you have called, apologize for wasting their time, and reconsider whether this Dark Path is on for you to travel. If you do indeed, at this point in the ritual, desire misery to come to your enemy, give the command, filled with vengeance and wrath, and without doubt that such will be made true. Blow out the candle, inhale the smoke, and state, "It is done," knowing that indeed it is.
2. Place a red, tapered candle on the center of the altar. Meditate, clearing and focusing your senses. Light the candle

and gaze into the flame. Bring to mind an image of your enemy. This Candle Spell is used when you find yourself filled with more pain, anguish, and hatred than you can contain. Visualize your enemy, and as you do so, feel your emotions building in you until you can feel your body shaking with the force of them. See in your mind the end result, focusing specifically on the face of your victim, looking into his eyes. A unique metaphysical juxtaposition occurs here, where you are staring into the candle's flame, but in actuality you are staring into the eyes of your enemy. As your hatred, your desire, and your directed energy leaves you, it travels to the candle's flame, but also travels directly to your victim. Sense the transfer of anguish between you and your victim, as you give him or her all of your pain, and your hatred infects your victim, and begins to kill them. When the anger has left you, and often as you find yourself calming down and experiencing deeper, more personal emotions connected with the situation, state your will, blow out the candle, inhale the smoke, and say, "It is done."

3. Place an orange, tapered candle on the center of the altar. Meditate, clearing and focusing your senses. Light the candle and gaze into the flame. Bring to mind an image of your enemy, surrounded by an aura of green and orange light. As your gaze into the candle's flame deepens, and as you experience the emotions that have caused you to desire the demise of your victim, see in your mind the aura around your victim draining of color, first the green leaving it, dulling into orange, and then see the orange fading into a muddy brown. See the aura shrinking, until it is no longer visible. See your victim's skin then doing the same, fading in color, shriveling, becoming cold and clammy. Connect to the feeling of your desire becoming reality, and hold that feeling as you bring this to pass through your concentration on the flame. When your attention begins to wane, call out, "By the Powers of Darkness, steal away the health of (victim's name). Take his life from his body, take his strength from his muscles, take his health from his bones. Make his flesh

turn against him and his bowels slicken at my command." Focus on this for a moment, sensing the reality of it. Blow out the candles, inhale the smoke, and say, "It is done."

SYMPATHETIC MAGICK

Most forms of Sorcery, especially those rites which predate the rise of ceremonial Magick in the Victorian age and have the sole purpose of material gain, utilize what is now referred to as Sympathetic Magick. Sympathetic Magick operates on the belief that, all things being connected, an action which is similar to that which is desired will in turn produce that which is desired. Sympathetic Magick utilizes fetish items, which are manmade objects which have not only supernatural significance, but also hold a special significance to or in relation to the recipient of the charm. In the case of Baneful Magick, if the Sorcerer desires that his enemy be killed, rather than approaching his enemy, stabbing him several times with a knife, and forfeiting his freedom and possibly his life, he could use Sympathetic Magick with the same result by making a doll and stabbing it with needles. The similarity between stabbing the man and stabbing the man-shaped doll would bring about his enemy's demise.

This is not to say that if you find a doll in a store and take it home and stab it, somebody somewhere will feel needles poking into their chest, or will suffer any sort of malady. In order for Sympathetic Magick to work, there needs to be a specific and strong connection between the subject and the link, as well as between the Operator and the link. Using the example of the fetish doll once more: the doll should be made by the Magician's hand, and its features should in some way resemble the victim's, creating the first similarity between the fetish and the victim, as well as creating a sympathetic link with the Magician, as he created the fetish himself; the doll should not be filled with cotton, but instead with poisonous herbs such as wormwood, hemlock, or wolf's bane, as well as hair or nail clippings from the victim, creating a similarity between the item and the victim through the hair and nails, and between the item and death or illness through the herbs; the Sorcerer is to meditate upon the doll, psychically and psychologically imbuing it with the characteristics of the victim, creating a link to the victim and an even stronger link to the desire of

the Magician for it to be so; finally, throughout the ritual, the doll is not referred to as "the doll," but is called by the name of the victim, and commanded by that name to suffer whatever malady the Sorcerer shall desire.

Sympathetic Magick is not as complicated as it may sound. In fact, it has been the most simple, most basic form of Magick practiced throughout history. Wax images have been melted in cauldrons, dolls have been stabbed, and effigies have been burned to cause harm to others. In fact, in studying drawings on the walls of caves, anthropologists have seen Sympathetic Magick being used from the known beginning of prehistoric man. The earliest shaman would retreat to small remote caves before a hunt, enter into Gnostic or trance states, and draw images of a successful hunt on the cave walls, thereby Magickally procuring needed food. The same type of Sympathetic Magick is thought to have been used before battles, or for the gathering of food. The most basic needs of the most primitive man were met with Magick.

The real, effectual power of Sympathetic Magick is often disputed, more so by the disciplined Western Magicians than by the uninitiated. The simplicity of it seems as if it is less than what would be required, especially when the desired result is something as grand as ending a human life. Despite the increasingly prevalent claims to the contrary, Magick is not conducted within the mind of the Magician. Magick is a universal and molecular realignment in accordance with the will of the Sorcerer. If all that is necessary to heal leprosy is to bathe in the river Jordan, why insist on the springs of El Dorado?

For the first couple of years of my actual hands-on occult experience, I refused to use "Black Magick," calling only upon elemental and universal powers and entities, even though many of my rituals were aimed at selfish goals. The few attempted rituals of evocation that I had performed were of ancient and essentially dark beings, but they most definitely were not, from what my upbringing had taught me, demonic, or even necessarily evil. I owned a copy of *The Satanic Bible*, as most ambitious, young Magicians do, and although I had studied the book cover-to-cover several times, I would not perform the rituals therein, nor would I even speak the orations given within aloud. I was sure that once I started on the path of Black Magick, it would lead

me into the depths of darkness and to the most extreme abominations of spirituality. I do believe that I was right.

At some particular point, I became aware that acquaintance of mine was actively attempting to destroy a relationship which seemed quite important to me at the time. I confronted the slanderer verbally, pulling laughter from her lips at my helplessness to silence her. The relationship was quickly flung downwards, and as I realized that its final embers were smoldering, my heartbreak turned to hatred.

In a panic of rage and malign intention, I rifled through a black chest that I kept in my closet which was filled with ritual supplies, and I brought out a dagger and a piece of violet clay, caring more about the ritual itself than the propriety and plenty of the implements used. My hands fumbled to form the clay into the shape of a heart – the valentine sort, rather than the anatomically accurate organ. Scribbling my victim's name I threw it on my carpet, knelt before the icon, raised the dagger above my head, and my inhibitions towards the use of demonic power fled from me.

"Every demon that can hear my voice, come! All of the spirits who are around me, gather closer! In the name of Satan, in the name of Lucifer, in the name of Belial, by the Powers of Darkness and all of the forces of Hell, kill N. Shut her mouth forever. Take away her life and her soul! By the Powers of Darkness, so it is done!"

As I screamed out the improvised incantation, I could indeed feel the powers and the demons that I was calling rushing to be with me, could feel the dark energy gathering in the dagger and I could feel the chains to the bottomless pit opening beneath me, and I could feel fear, but greater than all of that in that moment was the feeling of hatred. I slammed the dagger into the heart again and again, sensing my hatred flowing through the dagger into the clay, along with the darkness that I had summoned. And I recall still hearing myself screaming in rage as I stabbed the figure, although I cannot be sure of the vocalization of those screams.

When the emotion had been exhausted from me and I was ready to collapse, I put the dagger back in the chest. As I went to pick up the heart, I hesitated. It felt to me as if it were diseased, sickened by the curse, and that touching it might infect me as well. I hurriedly threw it in the chest and slammed the lid.

No more than 15 minutes lapsed before I was brought from my

bed and from my post-ritual stupor by the phone ringing. I fumbled the receiver, half expecting to hear the police or emergency room announcing the death of my enemy. Instead, her voice was on the other end.

"Did you just try to do something to me?" I was speechless. "I just felt a lot of... evil... come at me, and then felt like my heart was being torn apart, or stabbed."

"I don't know what you're talking about," I replied, trying my best to not sound happy. The terror and the thrill of success were making me dizzy.

"Well, whatever you did, it didn't work! I fought your Magick with my mind, the pain went away, and I just sat and laughed for ten minutes." And then she did laugh. She laughed at me. She laughed at my failed attempt to kill her and my belief that I even had that kind of power. I hung up the phone without a word, knowing that not only had I lost my relationship to this girl, but that she had also taken all of my pride.

About a week later I went by her house as she was living with a friend of mine, not to find her laughing still, but instead crying hysterically, screaming about how she didn't know what she would do or how she would survive. Her roommates, who were intensely Wiccan, had unanimously decided that over the past week she had carried a darkness into their home that they could not live with. They offered to ritually cleanse her, but she insisted that she was not infected with evil. They had piled their money together and had bought her a bus ticket to the city in which her family lived, and had even done her the favor of boxing together her possessions and bringing them into the front yard.

My enemy – my victim – left on the bus, out of my town, out of my way, out of my life, and eventually, out of my mind. She had, for all intent, died as far as I was concerned. The curse had worked, I told myself. Not as I had planned, but nevertheless, the curse had worked.

I still heard news about her from joint friends. A year after the incident, she became pregnant and, due to medical complications, had to abort the baby, devastating her physically and emotionally. Shortly after that incident, she married an abusive, alcoholic man. I could barely stretch these events into a belief that they were caused by my curse. Within a couple of years, however, she contacted me personally,

wanting to resolve our past. She was dying of cancer at 24 years old, and the particular type of cancer seemed to strike men over the age of 50, but for some reason had chosen her to defy the statistics and probabilities of not only a woman developing the cancer, but a young woman as well. She had been dead to me for years, so the fate of her body did not surprise me.

Sympathetic Magick allows the mind to take secondary importance to the emotions, which during the ritual themselves are eradicated by the Power of Darkness as well. Once the flesh, mind, and heart are left behind, all that remains is Soul, which is power unlimited. Sympathetic Magick is a route to those powers.

FETISH ITEMS

Different traditions demand different links or fetish items be used to affect another human being. Some insist on beautifully formed likenesses of the recipient, while others are content with a bag of dust and weeds. Putting this Magick into practice, it is immediately apparent that some of these fetishes produce more exact and potent results than others. Given below is a list of common fetish items, in order from most potent to least.

- Ø Blood
- Ø Semen/Vaginal secretion
- Ø Lock of hair
- Ø Fecal matter
- Ø Photograph
- Ø Signature
- Ø Handwriting
- Ø Personal objects/possessions
- Ø Items recently touched
- Ø Victim's written name
- Ø Images in victim's likeness

SYMPATHETIC CURSES

As you progress in Magick, the occult, and spirituality, you will notice right away that the most basic and fundamental practices are built upon, always being used as a base for even the greatest Workings. Following this principle, Sympathetic Magick utilizes the techniques of basic Candle Magick, building upon them and adding to them with the fetish items that are used. While some of the curses given below do not use candles at all, the same focus and energy gathering and channeling is put into play once more, breathing life into dead matter and bringing power to impotent objects.

The simple rituals below are used to cause physical pain, illness, psychological unease, and bodily harm. Although none of them are designed to kill, and the chances of such are indeed rare, the risk always exists that a person whose life and health linger on the breaking edge, all that is needed is the strike of a feather.

TO CAUSE PAIN TO ONE'S ENEMY

Prepare the Temple by blocking out all outside light and setting upon the altar a single, red, tapered candle, along with six sewing needles. Inscribe the name of the victim along the top rim of the candle, just far enough below the wick to not be melted away once the candle is lit.

Sit behind the altar and turn your attention entirely to your breathing. Bring yourself into deep focus, clarity, and physical relaxation. Open your eyes and gaze into the candle's flame. Allow your mind to become entranced by its dance and sway. You will feel as if your body is becoming numb, and this numbness will swell up your limbs, into your face, and eventually will numb your brain as well. All that remains, then, is your will. Use this will to conjure a clear image of your victim. Do not let the change in focus upset the mild trance state that you have entered, but simply allow the mental image to gather in your head, to begin materializing in your inner vision. As this image gains clarity, give it life by remembering the offenses which have brought you to this ritual. Feel the hurt or betrayal, hear the promises or the lies, allow yourself to feel the absolute necessity of the success of the ritual.

Taking one of the needles in your right hand, and still gazing into the flame, holding the images and emotions within, slowly run the needle through the tip of the candle. As you do this, visualize your enemy suffering, and state, "(Victim's name), receive my pain." Sense the inner torment that has led you to cursing your enemy leaving you and embedding itself in the candle with the needle. Repeat this with the remaining needles, each time commanding your victim to receive your pain, and then as the needle is embedded into the wax, transferring your own pain into the needle, into the candle, and into your victim.

If you have any specific commands, or if you feel that a short oration will exhaust the remainder of your hatred, give you exact commands in as few words as possible. When this is finished, blow out the candles, inhale the smoke, and say, "It is done."

TO CAUSE AN ENEMY'S HEALTH TO FAIL

In the center of your altar, set an orange candle, and to the left of the candle have a piece of paper upon which should be written the name of the victim, preferably writing in his own hand, but can be written by the Operator as well. Meditate, clearing and focusing your senses. Light the candle and gaze into the flame. Bring to mind an image of your enemy, surrounded by an aura of green and orange light. As you gaze into the candle's flame and as you experience the emotions that have led you to curse him, visualize the aura around your victim draining of color, first the green leaving it, dulling into orange, and then see the orange fading into a muddy brown. See the aura shrinking, until it is no longer visible. See your victim's skin then doing the same, fading in color, shriveling, becoming cold and clammy. Connect to the feeling of your desire becoming reality, and hold that feeling as you bring this to pass through your concentration on the flame. When your attention begins to wane, call out, "By the Powers of Darkness, steal away the health of (victim's name). Take his life from his body, take his strength from his muscles, take his health from his bones. Make his flesh turn against him and his bowels sicken at my command."

Take the candle in your right hand and hold it at a 45 degree angle, allowing the flame to melt the wax and cause it to drip onto the piece of paper, gradually blotting out the name of your victim. Feel

your enemy's fate being sealed into his flesh just as his name is sealed by the wax. Focus on this for a moment, sensing the reality of it. Blow out the candles, inhale the smoke, and say, "It is done."

TO CAUSE ILLNESS OR DISEASE

Another form of Sympathetic Magick for causing illness does not involve candles, but instead goes farther back into the history of witchcraft, involving herbs, soil, and other elements which are readily available... even without a candle shop or Pagan bookstore around.

Obtain or make a small bag or pouch large enough to fill with the various herbs and materials needed, but small enough to fit comfortably in your pocket. When I have made such "mojo bags" in the past, I've usually found it easiest to use a five inch square piece of cloth, piled the contents in the center, pulled the corners of the cloth up and wrapped them tightly with twine, holding the contents within.

The first item that you should place in the bag is the fetish item that you've collected from your victim. On top of this, pile a good amount of asafetida, an herb often called "the devil's dung," which is a sulfurous herb ruled by the energies of Saturn and of Mars, and is used quite often in Baneful Magick. Wormwood root should also be added, as well as horse dung, if it can be obtained. Finally, mold found outdoors should be placed on the top of the pile.

Before tying the bag up, set it on your altar and focus your mind through meditative breathing. Hold your right hand, palm down, over the bag and its contents, and bring to mind a clear image of the victim. Feel the sickening qualities of the contents of the "sickness bag" beneath your hand, and sense that as they sit on top of the fetish item, that they infect your enemy as well, that their malign energies are transferred to the victim. Feel all of this being brought to life, your will for the illness of your victim flowing from your hand into the bag. When these things become unarguably real to you, tie the bag, hold your hand over it again and pronounce, "(Victim's name), I fill your blood with disease, I fill your bowels with sulfur, I fill your lungs with dung, I fill your head with spores. I seal this curse upon you. So it is done."

TO CAUSE DESTRUCTIVE CONSTERNATION

Curses often will use the machine of the mind to harm the body, rather than attacking the bones and the organs directly. The curse will get into the mind and the perceptions of the victim, and will turn the will of your enemy against itself. This is usually demonstrated by self-destructive attitudes and behavior, which will either cause the victim's physical disease, or will thrust him into "accidents" because of his newly developed carelessness with life and safety.

Prepare the Temple by blocking out all light and setting upon the altar a single, red, tapered candle and an item belonging to the victim. Sit behind the altar and turn your attention to your breathing. Bring yourself into deep focus, clarity, and relaxation. Open your eyes and gaze into the candle's flame. Allow your mind to sink into silence and receptivity.

Hold the fetish item in your right hand and bring your mental focus to an image of your victim. See him clearly in your mind, hear his voice, and feel the energy that radiates from him. Sense that same energy radiating from the personal item that once belonged to him. Once this energetic connection has been made, hold your right hand, fetish clutched tightly within, over the flame of the red candle. Strengthen your vision of your enemy as the flame begins to burn your hand. Breathe deeply and slowly, and do not allow the pain to distract you from your concentration. Instead, use it to fuel your connection to your enemy.

Recite the incantation, "Itz allu tem (victim's name). Aspartu kem kallu" Continue repeating this incantation over and over, becoming more and more frenzied by the pain of the fire and the burning of your anger. Become aware of your own energy, your own power gathering in your right hand, and turning inwards into the fetish object. Become aware of the object acting as a direct gateway into the most inner core of your enemy. As you continue to chant the incantation, sense your hatred flowing from you into the fetish, and being directed into your victim.

Exhaust all of your emotion and all of your power in this manner, and when you have no more rage to offer your victim, remove your

hand from the flame, hold both of your hands to your chest, and state, "(Victim's name), by the Powers of Darkness, I fill you with burning seeds of my anger. I bind you with the black roots of despair. I blind you with shadows of confusion, I open the skies above you that they may fall down upon you, and I open the earth beneath you that it may swallow you. By the Powers of Darkness, I seal this curse upon you. So it is done."

SYMBOLIC CURSES

Occult ritual is comprised of several various symbolic devices, motions, words, and acts which either represent a specific force, power, or desire, or which they, the symbols, themselves contain or attract the powers necessary for the successful outcome of the ritual. The nature of these items ranges from stones to candles to photographs, barbarous names, angelic script, and even in our modern age, to electronic devices which generate specific energy fields thought to assist in the raising of spiritual power.

In the previous chapter, the use of imitative objects and actions was illustrated as a successful means of securing the pain, illness, or suffering of the victim. Where Sympathetic Magick utilizes devices which directly imitate the desired outcome, thereby calling the necessary forces into alignment for the achievement of the goal, Symbolic Magick uses devices which, in and of themselves, work upon and with the forces behind Magick. Instead of telling the slanderous peasant that the king will have his head, in hopes that a swift suicide or mob violence will ensue, you go straight to the king with a signed order from the Emperor to bind the man and take his head. In ritual, the king is the power which you are calling, the signed order is the Magickal symbols which you employ, and the Emperor is, if you are using this Black Power... you.

Magickal or even religious or spiritual symbols, rather than connecting the Sorcerer to a future physical occurrence instead connect his will and his intention to a very specific, very powerful nonphysical force. It is commonly misunderstood by metaphysicians that there is an omnipresent energy field which can be drawn upon and utilized by ritual and by Magickal assertion of will. In actuality, there exist several energy fields, or spiritual currents, which can be seen as spiraling around one another, and which endlessly flow throughout the whole of existence. While each of these currents, like all things, emanates from the same Eternal Source, their manifestation on the lower planes takes very different forms and serves sometimes quite opposite functions.

All, however, can be called upon, invoked, and be brought into harmony with the intention of the individual Operator who has discovered the secret science of its power.

The method of connecting with these currents and shaping their energies and manifestations is through symbols.

THE NATURE OF SYMBOLS

There are a few different beliefs or theories about symbols, their nature, and the source of their potency, as far as their use in ritual. The theory that has grown most popular this last century is that symbols possess only the power and the potency, as well as the inherent meaning that is attributed to them by the individual. For example, while a crucifix may represent to the Christian the great sacrifice made by God of Himself for mankind, resulting in the atonement for sins and the possibility of salvation for the individual from his own innate evil, to the Pagan the same symbol by any other name may represent the four elements of fire, water, earth, and air, as well as the four cardinal directions of north, east, south, and west. The symbol, therefore, has no meaning aside from that which it is given by the observer.

This system of belief and this approach to the ritual use of symbols in a subjective manner is nowhere more apparent than in Chaos Magick. Chaos Magick is an occult system which utilizes any and every religious or ritual form, so long as that form produces results. If praying to Mary or to the saints brings about needed change in a Chaotian's life, such will be considered a usable and viable Magickal resource, no more or less so than a full physical evocation of a specific grand demon who has shown its ability to assist in achieving Magickal or temporal goals. By the credo "Nothing is True and Everything is Permitted," the Chaotian can call upon entities or forces in which he places absolutely no stock, so long as for the duration of the ritual he can force himself to possess nothing but absolute faith in the reality of the lie. Practitioners of Chaos Magick will also often create their own sigils and symbols, which have meaning to none other than themselves, and which are often rather comical in nature, and will successfully put these to use in ritual and Magickal visualization. Taking the subjective use of symbols to the extreme, some Chaotians will draw symbols from popular culture or commercial advertising to use in ritual. A common example of this is

the use of Walt Disney characters which seem to represent, in the mind of the Magician, the state of being or affairs that is desired. These characters, which may be imagined, drawn, or purchased as pictures or plastic figures, are ritually consecrated as spiritual icons and are supplicated to for intervention in the Magician's life.

On the extreme opposite occult pole is the understanding that there is a definite, objective reality, and that a part of this reality, if not the underlying truth of it, are the currents of power that are accessed in ritual. The symbols used to draw upon this power, as well as the associated entities, godforms, and intelligences that can often be called into physical manifestation, are as real as the dust of the earth and flesh on the bones. Revisiting the previous example of the crucifix in an objective light, the Pagan and the Christian meanings can be seen as one in the same. The four elements and four directions symbolize the earth, and the cross therefore is a symbol of the flesh and the earth, that which has been created by the spiritual as the physical. The crucifix represents not the sacrifice of God as an Eternal force or spirit, but as the physical, fleshly manifestation of that force – the descent of God into physical form. The crucifix then gives human beings the ability to relate to their God, not as some untouchable force, but as a perfect man who suffered more than His disciples will never need to suffer, and died just as all of His disciples must eventually die. The symbol, therefore, possesses an objective meaning, and whether the ceremonies and rituals using the symbol of the cross are conducted by priests or High Priestesses, the end goal is in actuality identical, the only variation being the terminology used.

The Magickal symbols used by these traditionalists are those which have been used for centuries, or are revealed to the Operator by direct communication with the representative entities of the forces with which he is Operating. His rituals are procedural, based not upon the whim of the moment, but instead upon the ages of study and development of Magickal systems, and in accordance with the functional principles of the Operations of Magick. That which lies beyond the physical is held in a locked box, and it is only through the use of the specific combination that the latch is undone and the secret powers of the occult are accessible.

Nevertheless, the efficacy of the Chaos system is difficult to refute entirely. I have known several extreme Chaos Magicians who, once

having mastered their own Magickal gumbo, have literally given away all of their material possessions save for a backpack full of clothing and have taken to the streets. The task of their own grand self-initiation rite into Adepthood is to rebuild their lives, regain their social and financial standing, and even to add upon that which they had previously possessed, using nothing other than the application of their Magick. They do not seek out work, food, shelter, nor do they feed off of the pity of society. Instead, they align their reality into conformity with their will, and the food, shelter, money, careers, and eventual possessions will seek after them. Their invented or borrowed symbols, their meaningless icons, provide them with all that they need and want in life. There is power there... but why?

Two ideas may explain the success of Chaos Magick, while still maintaining the belief in objective reality. The rituals used in Chaos Magick do indeed conform to the basic principles of the application of practical Magick, and while the symbolism used may not be automatically, directly related to the forces being called, such can be consecrated to do so. This type of roundabout symbolism is much like that of Sympathetic Magick. Although a clay figure or a cloth doll in itself possesses no Magickal power, by the association given to it by the Sorcerer, it may be used as a link to the victim and to desired future occurrences. In the same way, while a toy figurine of Disney's Belle, the young, desired maiden who is inexorably drawn to the supernatural beast that had once enslaved her is in no way inherently Magickal, the figure can easily be associated in the Magician's mind to the power of ritually attracting and securing the love of a beautiful woman.

Both arguments hold water as much as they hold power, and only experience is capable of swaying the beliefs of the devout. I, having personally held often and lengthy conversation with evoked entities, having traveled from this body into the worlds both above and beneath, and having put to use the ancient incantations and rites of power, and having also used the subjective Magick of the Chaos System, I understand that these powers are concrete, these forces are unwavering, these entities are Eternal, and these sciences are sure. This could be, however, simply the observations and notes taken from my own individual reality, and only by viewing the occult in this light can it provide me with the most benefit.

TYPES OF MAGICKAL SYMBOLS

Symbols such as the swastika, the burning cross, the alchemical symbol of sulfur, and the scythe are common symbols of destruction and death. Although these can be used in ritual, the effects of such would prove to be as vague as their uses. In order to produce a specific result using symbolic Magick, it is necessary to have a specific symbolic link to the specific type of energy and power that you will be calling.

The three types of occult symbols given in this chapter have been found through ages of use to be the most effective in producing changes in reality.

- I. Sigils are the most common type of symbol utilized in rituals designed to produce a specific result. A sigil is a drawn or engraved symbol that is specific to a certain spiritual entity or a "family" of such spirits. Sigil designs are usually unique enough to avoid any confusion as to which sigil belongs to which spirit. Most sigils given in occult grimoires are drawn using a system of mapping wherein a lamen or numerological square containing several letters, numbers, or figures which together represent the totality of Magick, on which the occultist will draw lines from each letter of the spirit's name to the next, the final result being a sigil that is unique to the spirit. Chaos Magicians will often create sigils by forming a short phrase which declares their intention and desire, will remove all recurring letters, and will arrange the remaining letters in an artistic manner, usually in a state of gnosis, will draw the remaining letters on an astrological square or a lamen to complete the sigil, and will sometimes form incantations from the letters which remain. Finally, rarely, a spirit will reveal its sigil to a magician, along with specific instructions concerning the ritual of evocation. By whatever means the sigil comes into fruition, once the forces with which it is linked flow through it and answer to that sign, it will forever do likewise.

- II. Magick squares are drawn squares containing columns

and rows which create several gnomons which themselves contain number or letters which possess numerological or astrological importance. Magick Squares have been used by astrologers, astronomers, mathematicians, and Sorcerers for over 4,000 years in various cultures and religions. Despite the mathematical wonder or the symmetrical beauty of Magick Squares, their purpose is simple, and that is power. Magick squares can be seen in much the same light as sigils. While a sigil creates a spiritual and psychic link to a specific spirit, the square creates a link to a specific region and function of the spiritual universe. Just as the magician may use sigils to access the power of a spirit, Squares may be used to access the total power and influence of the region and force which is linked to the square, which is often quite spectacular. Through history, the power of Squares has been dismissed as folk Magick, the Square being drawn on paper, wax, or wood and considered to affect its Magick automatically, in the same way that walking under ladders automatically causes bad luck. Although some modern occultists profess the power of the drawn Square due to its geometric value alone, its application in ritual, as given in this text, eradicates all hope of faithlessness in the potency of a consecrated Square.

- III. Planetary seals and Magickal talismans comprise the third grouping of the symbols used in this type of Magick. Much like Magick Squares, seals and talismans call upon either a variety of entities working towards one goal, or a specific energy current, rather than a single spirit. These maintain a separate classification from Squares first because of the types of energies that are invoked with seals and talismans, being of a broader range, yet at the same time usually connecting with either a specific celestial force or an exact geography and era of this world; and secondly, often planetary seals involve the use of Magick Squares within their design, utilizing the power of the Squares along with the planetary influences conjured in the remaining design of the seal.

The method of putting to use these symbols in ritual remains the same regardless of which type of symbol is required. The formula given below for the consecration of the symbols can be used for any sigil, Square, seal, or talisman in existence, as its design is essentially universal, not relying on Holy Words or Names of Power associated only with a particular Magickal or religious system.

SYMBOLS OF BANE

One of the major spiritual currents in existence is that of destruction, evidenced by the prophecies and the deities of every religion. Hinduism understands that Shiva will bring the end of the current Kalpa' by opening His Third Eye and igniting all of creation in a fiery blast. Many Native American tribes believe that the earth will be violated by man, and will eventually destroy life on the planet in order to cleanse itself. Norse mythology teaches that towards the end of days, Fimbulwinter will overwhelm creation and every entity in existence will be at war, resulting in the destruction of all things. Interestingly, Christian mythology, which is thought to be the proponent of extreme dualism, holds God as both the creator and the destroyer who spoke and the world was and will return in the form of Christ to bring this world and system to an end. Even modern science has predicted a type of apocalypse in the form of a technological singularity, in which the rapid evolution of technology will eventually reach a critical mass wherein the technology itself will no longer need its human creators to sustain and reproduce itself, much in the same way that humans have reached their own singularity where they no longer need to rely on God, but are becoming an autonomous spiritual force on their own.

While these myths concern the whole world, or in some cases, all of existence, they do illustrate destruction as a force as vital and as concrete in our reality as creation. Tapping the power of apocalypse is, for the moment, beyond the scope of the Sorcerer's experience. Utilizing the forces of destruction for his advantage, however, is well within his reach.



The sigil of Marbas

The sigil of Marbas is used to cause disease and illness, and is especially useful for respiratory sickness as well as diseases and malfunctions of the heart, veins, or arteries. Despite his usual classification as a demon, Marbas is not, by nature, sinister or hideous. He can cure disease with as much swiftness and surety as he can cause it, and he is rather disinterested in whether he harms or heals, so long as his power is appropriately invoked and he is directed to do only that which is within his ability.



The spirit Zahgurim

The spirit Zahgurim causes violent illness, as well as sudden accidents and injuries. Care must be taken when using his sigil to ensure that the victim does not die, if such is your desire, otherwise the bloodthirsty Zahgurim will slay him and will feed from the spilt blood of the sacrifice. If at any time during the consecration ritual your thoughts betray a murderous wish, or if your words do not state your desire for the victim to remain alive, the death of the victim will be on your hands.



Sigil of Methsan

Methsan is the Demon of Poison. He sickens men by attacking specifically the blood and the airways, as well as the lungs. Through this, he causes the victim's organs to not receive the internal sustenance that would keep them functional. Kidney and liver disease, bladder problems, and intestinal damage are common causes of death when Methsan attacks an enemy. Again, Methsan must be commanded, by thought and by word, to not kill the enemy, so that he will restrain his use of power, for a single ill

thought from his rotting brain would cause even the healthiest target to collapse.

The third Square of the twenty-second chapter of the Third Book of the Sacred Magick of Abramelin the Mage is used to cause failure of the liver in the victim. While this is often not fatal, it will cause complications with daily life, comfort, and health, and will usually manifest itself with problems in the skin, vision, energy levels, and eventually the blood of the victim.

M	E	B	A	S	I	M
E			Q			
B						
A	Q				Q	
S						
I						
M			Q			

The third Square of the twenty-second chapter of the Third Book of the Sacred Magick of Abramelin the Mage

This seal of the planet of Saturn is used for invoking the powers of death, destruction, and suffering. Unlike the previous symbols given, which are specific as to their effect, this planetary seal invokes baneful energy currents which can then be shaped by the Operator. When performing the ritual of consecration, it is best with this seal to not attempt to force a specific event, illness, or type of malady, but simply to focus on the suffering of your victim, and then allow the energies to work in the manner that is most suitable.



The fourteenth seal of the second book of the Greater Key of Solomon

This talisman invokes all of the infernal hosts and the powers of Black Magick and directs them towards your enemy. If left unformed, these forces will surround the victim in spiritual darkness, having an immediate binding effect wherein the ill that he is working against you will be nullified,



Black Pullet talisman 21

and gradually the darkness will grow around him until he is swamped in it and cannot escape. Once the spiritual shadows have overpowered his will, he will fall farther into despair and destruction, until those with whom he deals will seek to harm or kill him, until the poisons that he heaps into his body can no longer be sustained, or until he takes his own life to put an end to misery. It is thought by many traditional ceremonialists that the effects of this curse are carried beyond death, and the victim will never be released from the Magick. As with several of these symbols, if you do not desire that the victim dies, take care to safeguard against this in your interactions with the energies that you invoke here.

ALIGNING THE CURRENTS

For the Operation of ritually consecrating a sigil, thereby opening it as a gateway of its dark powers into this world, arrange your Temple with a chair and a raised altar. Two black candles should be set on the altar, one to the left hand side and the other to the right. The symbol to be consecrated should be drawn either on sheepskin parchment or on thick, white paper in black ink or in the blood of either a mammal or a reptile. The symbol is to be set, face down, in the center of the altar.

Sit in the chair behind the altar and allow yourself a few moments to physically relax, to release the tension of the day and to dismiss the anxiety which naturally builds in you before a ritual such as this. When the normal giddiness has subsided, light the candles on the altar, close your eyes, and take a slow, deep breath in. Hold the air in your lungs for a moment, and then release it. If you are counting the seconds of each breath, the duration of your exhalations should exceed that of your inhalations by at least five seconds for each breath. Continue to breathe in, hold, and breathe out for a few minutes, the greater intake of oxygen slightly altering your mental state, granting you not only greater relaxation, but also improved mental clarity.

Sense as you breathe the energies around you which ordinarily go unnoticed. Feel the air in the Temple not as a stagnate emptiness, but as a buzzing and vibrant current surrounding you. Feel the walls of the Temple no longer as stone or sheetrock, but as living particles looking on at the ritual, standing steady against all intrusion, strong to protect the ritual and to contain its power.

Open your eyes and let your vision drift towards the symbol. Rather than focusing on a single line or character, as the mind often prefers to do, view the whole sigil at once, allowing the image of it to burn into your mind. Maintain your breathing, and as you do so, feel that with every breath your mind sinks deeper into the symbol. It is normal as you begin to open the sigil for your eyes to narrow in focus and your forehead to wrinkle with concentration. As you notice this happening, remind yourself to relax. You are not memorizing the shape of the symbol, nor are you using the powers of your mind to bring anything out of it. You are simply uniting with it, and are waiting for it to awaken and to open, and for the forces that it contains to be released.

As you are waiting, your gaze into the sigil becoming deeper, bring to mind an image of your victim. With your senses and your state of being heightened by your meditations, you will almost instantly be shocked with the emotions that you have attached to your victim. Your anger, frustration, anguish, and rage will automatically surface without effort. Your thoughts will almost always be memories of the past, of the ridicule or the offenses caused by your enemy. You now must inherit a new memory. You must remember the future, as you are creating it. See your enemy, in a still image, in a state of suffering. If your curse is aimed at causing disease, you might imagine him in a hospital bed, with a look of hopelessness on his face, or lying on his floor at home, shivering, vomiting, and alone.

Once you have envisioned the future in a still image, lock that image in your mind. Force all other thoughts out, all other desires fleeing aside from the suffering of your victim. Do not allow your emotions to cause physical tension, but instead route them through your eyes, allowing your feelings to flow into the symbol. Although it requires a great deal of discipline to not allow your body to react to your emotions, controlling your physiology will cause a unique form of release, and you will find that your emotions are powerful if you use them. Focus on the image in your mind, allow yourself to sink entirely into the sigil, release your emotions through your eyes rather than through your muscles, and continue to breathe.

After only a few minutes of gazing at the symbol, focusing on your future memory, and transferring your desires through your will, an invisible connection with the symbol and the future will begin to form. This Magickal linking may feel like a magnetic pull towards the

symbol, deepening the trance state wherein the altar, the Temple, and all things save for your vision and the sigil disappear, or sometimes as a noticeable atmospheric shift inside of the Temple. In the moment of connection, something will occur which will feel utterly superhuman. This event signals the beginning of a swift series of subsequent supernatural events, the momentum of the ritual having reached its summit and the energies which are being evoked beginning to swirl in their places and move towards the Temple.

Rather than losing yourself in the wonder of that moment, continue your visual and your mental concentration, along with your physical relaxation, using your newfound awareness to push your will into reality. Within only a few seconds, that which was invisible will begin to manifest. The drawn symbol will begin to morph in a visible manner. Most often, you will see the lines, circles, and drawn details of the sigil vanishing from the surface of the paper, and moments later reappearing, but not in the same way. Instead, the lines will seem to float above the paper, or will seem to slither within its fibers. Once the first line or dot has done this and has reappeared, another will instantly do likewise, each line vanishing and returning one at a time until the whole image of the symbol has disappeared and returned to sight. The drawn sigil has, in going through this process, undergone a transfiguration. It has left this world and has returned with power. The symbol is no longer of this earth, but is a gateway into something else. The symbol is then, what I refer to as "open."

It is common to excuse this series of visual events as tricks being played by the mind on the eyes, as the brain's way of distracting the vision from something that it has stared at for far too long. Continue the ritual, however, and the Magick of it will be proven.

The symbol being open, the energies and entities that have been invoked and conjured can usually be sensed as being very near to the Temple, if not standing immediately within it. They are there, having been called by you, awaiting your command.

Still gazing at the sigil and holding to your mental image, clearly state, "Powers of Darkness, Powers of Death, I invoke the powers of (victim's name)'s demise. Come sickness, come misfortune, come despair, and blacken (victim's name)'s life. I send you on wings of suffering to devour (victim's name)." You may here give any specific statements of intent or of reasoning for the curse. It is essential that in

the giving of the command that all emotion, all attachment to the victim be surrendered. Give up to the Powers of Darkness all of your pain and suffering, and allow them to carry it to your victim. Once you have done this, and have given your specific commands, state, "By the Power of Darkness, my will be done."

Inhale deeply, deeper than you previously have, and release the breathe more slowly than ever before. Rid yourself of the anxiety that has gathered in your chest, as well as any emotional residue. Release the image held in your mind at the same time. Unlike most rituals, you will only sense a portion of the energies that you have called departing. A large portion of the powers will remain with the symbol, imbuing it with the potency of the ritual. Fold the paper in half and turn it face down on the altar. Blow out the candles, and know that indeed, it is done.

Put the sigil away where it will not be seen even by you. From its secret place it will infect this world with its power and will seep into the resting place of your victim, torturing him and sickening him. If you come across the symbol, you will sense the power in it, and you will be reminded of the terrible Work that is taking place.

When the Work has been completed, when the victim has suffered to the extent of your desire, the symbol must be closed, lest it continue to Work upon this world and spill darkness into your life and destruction into your home. The only way to accomplish this is by destroying it. When it is apparent that the power of the symbol has completed its decided course, it is to be burned and its ashes should be scattered in the wind, buried, or dissolved in water. As it burns, thank the Powers of Darkness for answering your call and for avenging you.

While symbols such as these are potent in causing great change in the world, or in causing great harm to an enemy, it is not recommended to use them alone in procuring the death of a victim. This task, which is indeed a dark and difficult one, will require several repetitions of the above Operation, one at least every three days with the same symbol, causing a continuous rain of Baneful Magick upon your enemy until his body, mind, and spirit can no longer withstand your curses.

PSIONICS AND SPIRITUAL WARFARE

Early in my study and practice of the occult arts, I formed what I referred to as a Dark Circle, inviting a few other novice Practitioners whose vision and insights seemed tainted by spiritual darkness, who gravitated more towards the demonic rather than the holy, and who were hungry for the same Godlike powers that I sought. In short time, our innate powers and vices became apparent to one another, and we began to realize that each of us filled a very necessary niche in our little Circle. After some time of Working together, I began to notice that a member of the Circle, Jared, had been having extreme difficulty in bringing about real, substantial change in his life using ritual. He was able, however, to make the seemingly miraculous happen on command. Without ritual, meditation, or even verbalization of his intent, he could affect nearly any other person in sight in dramatic and irrefutable ways. He seemed to naturally possess an ability that I envied, and that I knew I was a long way from attaining, yet he could barely conjure a ten dollar bill to come his way with ritual. I was paying especially close attention to him at one point during his Magickal assertion of will, noticing that he would close his eyes, lower his head, and out of nowhere I sensed an immense amount of raw energy building in the area around us, and then as swiftly dissipating. In the second that the energy flux was gone, the target would react in the manner that he desired.

"What the hell was that!" I demanded just as Jared opened his eyes.

He smiled as if he'd just been sitting on pins and needles waiting for me to ask, and said, "Psionics." I wondered if perhaps he had been hooking up with the school's Dungeons and Dragons squad behind our backs. Whatever the case, he possessed a power, and it was a power that I wanted.

Jared explained that while I burnt candles and requested of the forces-that-be to fulfill my wishes, and while I attempted to summon

demons or to raise the dead to obey my commands, that he was learning to use that power that he had within himself. Jared was always able to feel the energy fields around him, and in childhood had thought that he could interact with those fields, and could even manipulate them, but it wasn't until he began to practice with the Circle that he remembered all of this and saw the latent potential there.

Jared could gather the energy around and within him, through willed control of these invisible forces, and would hold them in his stomach, his chest, his eyes, or like a ball in his hands. Once the energy was collected into one place, he would "program" it with a desire by focusing on the outcome and channeling those thoughts and wishes into the energy ball, and then he would release it towards the target.

He wasn't able to give me more instruction than that, as the whole act was innate for him, but he insisted that with practice, there should be no reason that I would not be able to use this technique as well.

Try as I might, all of the visualizations and pseudo-Tai-Chi stances and holding my breath while trying to gather the energy together were in vain. I gave up for the moment and returned to my altar and my ritual devices.

Most Christians today are acutely familiar with the biblical rantings about the "Armor of God," and the "Sword and Shield of Faith." Most have also heard of the piercing daggers of the adversary or the fiery darts of hell. Like Satan himself, these are metaphors, ideas given form by centuries of belief. Also like Satan, given enough spiritual shove and enough practical usage, these metaphors can be brought to life.

One particular winter I was presented with the opportunity to help my friend's uncle at work, and hopefully earn a few dollars for rent, food, and of course, cigarettes. Her uncle, Scott, was a self-taught, self-employed painter who seemed to prefer working alone, as he had no full-time help. He had come across several jobs that he needed help with, and I was a willing hand.

I reported for my first day on the job with my long, dyed black hair pulled into a ponytail, the black polish on my fingernails already chipping away, and my combat boots unlaced and flopping over my white painter's pants. I discovered rather quickly that aside from being

a painter and an artist, Scott was also a devout and quite eccentric Mormon. The first few days of work were performed in relative silence, which I preferred. The quality of my work and the aggressiveness with which I pursued every task led Scott to offer me a full-time position, along with a dollar an hour increase from what he was currently paying me.

Within a couple of days from my actual hire-on date, Scott and I were eating lunch together when he bluntly asked, "So, are you a devil worshipper, or what?" I all but choked on my roast beef sandwich.

"I prefer not to talk about my religion at work," I replied, as I had found early on that occult topics in the workplace make for uncomfortable working situations, if not for opportunities to seek employment elsewhere. He left the subject alone... for about an hour.

"You know, I won't fire you or hold it against you if you are a devil worshipper," Scott announced as we were driving between job sites. I felt a bit stuck, sitting in the passenger seat of his van with a half hour drive that could become extremely uncomfortable.

"No, I'm not a devil worshipper," I said, halfway under my breath. "But I do practice what you'd probably call Black Magick." At the time, I was serving as Reverend in a "demonic church," and I related some of the basic tenets of the religion. Scott had little to ask or to add, and simply dropped me off at my home that night, with quick thanks for sharing my beliefs. I wasn't sure whether or not he'd be there to pick me up in the morning.

Sure enough, the next day I was painting houses again, and Scott, who was usually upbeat in the most annoying way was quiet and thoughtful. Finally, as he and I were brushing in some wood trim together, he broke his silence. "I know a pretty powerful witch," he said. "Well, she used to be a witch, but she's trying to get away from that life." Even the way that the word "witch" came out of his mouth seemed unnatural for him. "I hope you don't mind, but I talked to her last night and told her a bit about you. She was pretty interested."

"Oh yeah," I said, not sure where this conversation was destined to go. "What did she have to say?"

"That you're walking a very dangerous road, and that you ought to get out of it before it's too late."

"Scott, I don't mean to sound disrespectful of you and your beliefs, but I've heard that a million times already. I know that you want to

save souls and all that, but honestly, I don't really want my soul to be saved."

Scott stopped working, his loaded paintbrush lowered to his side, and he looked straight into my eyes. "I'm not just telling you this because I'm Christian and I want to save your soul. I know more than you might imagine about witchcraft and demons and all of that."

"Oh really," I retorted, trying to stifle the obvious sarcasm in my voice.

"Yes, really," he said, as firmly as he could manage - firmly enough to regain my attention. "Because of this friend of mine, the witch, because I'm trying to help her get away from her life, I've been attacked by evil spirits and I've had the other witches and warlocks use spiritual weapons against me."

I took a moment to let my mind get past his neophytic terminology, and asked what he meant by spiritual weapons.

"Well, you've heard of the fiery darts of the adversary?" I nodded. "Well, they're real. They are real, spiritual darts that witches and warlocks can throw at you. They focus their minds on a part of your body, and then they use spells to throw these invisible darts at you. The darts don't just stick in the skin, though, they go through the skin and they stick into organs and other parts of your body. At first, it just hurts, but if you leave them in for a few days, you'll start getting sick, and that area will start to hurt really bad. I'm not sure if they can kill you, but I do know that they hurt."

I returned to my trim work without replying, and in fact, I stayed silent for the remainder of the day, telling myself that Scott was a nut and that his belief in spiritual weapons was as far into left field as his belief in a dead man returning to earth to burn all the wicked. But for some reason I just could not shake what he had told me.

Sitting at home that night, the possibility that his claims may have merit gnawed at me, and finally, when I decided that I could not sleep until I had put the matter to rest, I pulled a black candle from my drawer and set it on my altar. I decided that perhaps this Christian urban legend could be experimented with, and so I began contemplating how it could be merged with actual, verifiable occult sciences.

I meditated briefly, and then focused on a mental image of Scott. I had been learning the arts of remote viewing and astral projection, and so I figured that while I was playing with this experiment, I might

as well brush up on my current exercises. I visualized Scott in my mind clearly, and I felt my awareness being pulled to him, to his location, to his physical being on this plane. I transferred my consciousness in the minor degree of which I was capable at the time to this awareness of his being, and I found my vision no longer in my apartment, but instead inside of his home. He was climbing his carpeted stairs, following his wife to their bedroom for the night. I moved my awareness closer to him, unsure if this was a hypnagogic hallucination of sorts or if I had actually begun to tap into my latent receptive abilities. Once I had a clear view of his entire body, I focused my attention on his right side, and I felt my awareness lock onto that spot entirely, as if no other location existed in that moment. My hand seemed to move into the air of its own accord, my index and middle fingers extended, both in my remote awareness and in my physical body. Although I could see no fiery darts arrows of outrageous misfortune anywhere around me, I did sense the presence of something much like thorned clusters near my right hand, floating in the air. My hand quickly motioned towards his side, and the nettles instantly embedded into his body. Again, I could not see this, even in my remote vision, but I was simply aware of its occurrence. Scott grabbed his side and grunted. Astounded, I shook my head and returned to my apartment, to my bedroom, to my body and to my mind that did not know how to process all of this.

The following day, Scott was obviously in a bad mood. Finally, after a few hours of work, he came to me and said, "I'd appreciate it if you didn't use spiritual weapons against me. I'd like to consider us friends, but if you're going to do that, I don't know how I can keep thinking that we are." I looked confused, and I certainly felt confused, both at the fact that the previous night's experiment had succeeded and at his conscious recognition that it was me, rather than one of his nameless "warlocks."

"Maybe you didn't know you were doing it," he said, trying to be apologetic. "Just try to control it with me, please."

I didn't know if I should laugh and dance at this new ability, or if I should start flinging fiery darts left and right just to see it happen! Either way, I was elated.

I began experimenting more and more with the technique of using these astral weapons. If my target was far away, I would use my remote sensory perception to throw the darts at them, and if they were

standing in the same room, I would simply tune into the part of their body that I wanted to inflict, I would sense the presence of the energetic thorned clusters, and I would motion with my hand for them to attack. I noticed that the more attention I paid to the visualization of the thing, the less potent the whole experiment became. If I instead simply knew that it would take place and went through the motions, having no doubt of my ability to do so, the results were one hundred percent.

Astral weapons will not necessarily inflict immediate physical pain, but they will immediately put into process the infirmities which are guaranteed to eventually cause a massive amount of pain, if not damaged functions of the body where the weapons are placed. At first, I expected every target to react violently and painfully to the attack, only to be disappointed. Instead, within a day of throwing the "darts" at a person, they would begin to complain of an ache in the spot that I had afflicted.

I also began to notice that those who are mentally and spiritually weaker will be affected much more quickly than others, and usually more intensely. If a dart is lodged in their shoulder, rather than feeling a simple discomfort, they will feel as if the entire joint has been dislocated. Another mental note that I made is that those who are more consciously attuned to spiritual realities, who are naturally clairvoyant or disciplined in the occult will not only be able to sense the presence and use of spiritual weapons, and be able to stop or to remove them using the force of their will, they are also usually able to discern where they came from, knowing almost immediately who it is that has attacked them.

The above two cases demonstrate what is perhaps the most rare and most unfounded type of curse. Even those who have called upon and have spoken with demons, who have traveled out of body to other realms, and who have exacted every sort of curse and spell upon others find these accounts difficult to believe – much the same way that I did.

Another type of "psionic" or spiritual warfare exists which utilizes no ritual at all, but relies solely on the potency of the act itself, much like the fiery darts of the adversary. In the twenty-first chapter of his book, *Magick in Theory and Practice*, the notorious Aleister Crowley cites a case almost as unbelievable as those I have given above, if not

more so due to the actual death of the victim.

" An adept known to The MASTER THERION once found it necessary to slay a Circe who was bewitching brethren. He merely walked to the door of her room, and drew an Astral T ("traditore", and the symbol of Saturn) with an astral dagger. Within 48 hours she shot herself."

I was studying this text about the same time that I was experimenting with Black Magick and curses, and this reference always seemed to sparkle for me, both with fantasy and also with a hint of promise. I attempted to use it once on the bedroom door of a sleeping victim, who near immediately awoke screaming. I later heard that she had dreamt the most realistic dream of being raped by horned monsters. I never again attempted to use the astral drawing of symbols as a type of Baneful Magick, although I did find it useful when dealing with spiritual phenomena and hypersensitive locations.

All of these can be taken as a series of amusing stories, or as guideposts and lessons to discovering your own abilities as a psionic practitioner or a spiritual warrior. Experimenting with the spiritual weapons made the practice increasingly easy for me, until I no longer needed to sense the psionic clusters of energy, visualize them, or move my hands; all that was soon required was to will the end result and to release the desire for such. The unfortunate thing about Black Magick is that its powers awaken quite spontaneously.

PART II: BRINGER OF DEATH

RITUAL RELEASE OF HATRED

The raw, untempered human emotions serve as powerful gateways into the very godlike powers inherent in the Magician. It seems to be the ultimate task of "elevated" society to restrain emotional extremes in all, for the good of all, to maintain a bland equilibrium which will not threaten the current order by the hopes of creating one that is better, if not for the whole, then at least for the individual concerned. Expression of true emotion, not any fabricated posturing nor the bipolar mania of cross-spectral outbursts, does indeed appear threatening to most in our western world. Outbursts of intense emotion are even swiftly becoming illegal. Pounding your fists against a wall in anger, rather than pounding the one who angers you, is nevertheless called "domestic violence," as it is a display of violence or aggression in a domestic environment. Raising your voice in protest of the objectionable might allow you to sport a "disturbing the peace" charge on your docket. Intimations of passion and legal declarations of love are only acceptable when they squeeze perfectly into the same moral foxhole that has been held for far too many centuries – the Greeks and the Babylonians made brave attempts to reverse the hysteria, but alas, to no avail. Perhaps the modern moral revolution will gain more ground.

Once the Sorcerer learns to break from his social programming and allow his emotions to flow in ritual, without restraint, a new form of self-liberty and power is experienced. Where normally he would bite his tongue, he is able to scream. Where normally he would bite his lip, he instead may weep. Where normally he would bite down on his pride, he now may recognize that this world is his, and all that it contains.

THE GIFT OF RAGE

Anger, when pushed to its furthest extremes, is a terrifyingly unique emotion. It can cause a person to do that which he would never

even consider doing. It can literally bestow upon him superhuman strength. Anger can overwhelm the mind entirely, causing blackouts and temporary amnesia, leaving a forgotten moment of murder. The emotion can even gather a critical mass, where the host of the heart is no longer needed and it can flow into the physical world unrestrained.

The basic curse given in this chapter, the object of which is not to harm, but to kill, is one that I have successfully employed at least three times, each time resulting in the achievement of the exact commands given. It is what I have called a "raw" ritual, not utilizing flowery and epic incantations, graceful ceremonial passes and motions, or even visualizations meant to draw specific energies to the Temple, or to open gateways into other realms. The orations given are introductory and benedictory, and are entirely functional. The whole power of this ritual is in the emotional release provided, after which, the real Magick occurs, often unnoticed by the Magician as he is lying on the floor spent.

The first time that I came across this type of curse, where pure anger and physical violence are used as a catalyst for the sinister powers of destruction, was in the notorious book, *The Satanic Bible*. While I only employed the actual ritual, verbatim, given in that text, the ritual outline, having proven itself through application, has since been revised, used, and taught to those who I have trained in the occult arts as one of the most basic rituals of destructive Magick, when the end result desired is indeed the physical death of the victim.

It seems that there is no shortage of anger in the world, nor in the human being, and regardless of the bounty with which a person may be endowed, he may also find reasons to become angry, bitter, resentful, and even furious, not only once in a great while, but daily. What must be understood when attempting the ritual given in this chapter is that the amount of anger or hatred that you feel towards the victim must be equal to or greater than your own reverence for life — not the distinct life of your victim, but life itself. In essence, in order to successfully destroy another human through this curse, your anger must override your compassion. Revenge must become more important and more pressing than even self-preservation. If there is any thought left for life and love when entering this ritual, it will not succeed. Hatred must overwhelm you entirely, and every drop of it must be spilled in the performance of the ritual.

THE NATURE OF THE CURSE

One of the greatest reasons that people become disillusioned with the occult shortly after they begin putting their studies to work is not because the rituals fail to provide immediate and exact results, but instead because they are expecting one thing, and instead receive another. Reality is not necessarily less grand than fiction, and in fact is usually quite a bit more so. The Neophyte's expectations, however, are usually not in alignment with reality at all. The internal, personal effects of the use of this Black Magick were detailed in the initial chapters of this book; here, the effects of it upon the concrete, verifiable world are given. If the rituals given in this text are conducted as specified, if the principles of Magick are consistently applied, and if you are prepared for the results of the curse, you will find success and power beyond that which has ever been conjured by Hollywood mystics.

Regardless of the type of Black Magick used, once the ritual of Baneful Magick has been completed, the effect of your curse upon your victim will be instantaneous, manifesting first within his aura. The previously mentioned "Dark Circle" that I had assembled early on in my occult practices, had gathered in our mall's food court. We had been performing a series of divinations and clairvoyant Workings to communicate with a particular spirit which seemed to come near when we were together. This spirit was easily contacted, and the communication, whether with devices or through internal conversation, was always simple, clear, and in coincidence with the communications of the other members of our Circle. On this particular afternoon, we were discussing amongst ourselves how we could go about tasking this spirit with the extraordinary in order to test its power, and its willingness to Work in our behalf. We noticed a girl sitting a few tables away from us who was in our school, and in several of our classes. We held no particular grudge against her, but decided that she would be the perfect test subject for the day's experiment. Using a handheld communication device, we asked if the spirit was present. It answered in the affirmative, and indeed, the presence of the spirit could be sensed at our table. We asked if it would perform any task that we gave it. It answered yes. We asked if it would kill the girl, giving her full name, and it again answered yes. The presence of the spirit departed our

company and we looked in the girl's direction, trying to be discrete and failing miserably, I'm sure.

Each of us had been struggling for quite a while to develop the ability to physically view auras, and although two of us had caught brief glimpses of auras, not even we were prepared for the vision that opened up in front of us. Looking at the girl, all four of us instantly saw a bright, golden light flashing around the girl. In nearly the same moment that we became aware of what we were seeing, the light surrounding the girl began to darken from gold to grey, and the grey slowly became dispersed with black, then as we watched the entire shroud of color started to shrink closer to her skin. Myself and two of my cohorts looked on grinning, waiting for her death, hoping that it would come while we watched, that she might choke on a piece of chicken in her Lo Mein, or perhaps just fall to the floor without incident, simply dead. The fourth Circle member, however, did have a conscience, or some remnant of one, and began to recant the command that we had given the spirit. He grabbed the device with which we had communicated with it and called it back to us, forcefully repeating its name and commanding it to return. Once he had verified that the spirit was no longer standing in the girl's immediate vicinity, he commanded it to leave her alone, to do no more damage to her. The spirit did cease, and did depart, and all but one of us were utterly disappointed by the conclusion of the Operation.

We argued our case to our moralistic friend that unless the girl had actually died, we had no way of knowing if the spirit had manipulated her life force or her body, or had simply manipulated the appearance of the energy fields around her, or even worse, had manipulated our vision to see a thing that would cause us to believe that she was rapidly dying. Nevertheless, the curse ceased before we could be sure, and coincidentally the girl did not show up for class the following Monday, nor did she come Tuesday or Wednesday, and on Thursday when she finally returned, she reported, in a horse voice and with a pallid tone, that she had gotten terribly ill over the weekend out of nowhere, and had spent the past few days in the hospital on IV and under watch.

If the phenomenon of seeing the darkening and quickly vanishing aura had been unique to the above incident, it could easily be discounted as an illusion cast by a trickster spirit. I have, however, viewed similar

occurrences in others who have been cursed and are dying, and have also seen a slower, more natural change in the visible energy patterns of those whose health and life are naturally failing. This can, then, be marked as the first stage of death for the victim of the curse.

The next natural level of descent into the power of the curse actually comes in the form of a fight against the inevitable. The victim will distance himself from you personally, feeling a unique sense of discomfort in your presence, instinctively knowing that closeness to you will bring increased destruction and sorrow in his life. If you happen to have a reputation as a Practitioner of the occult, the victim will initially consider that his new sense of eventual death is somehow connected to you and your dark practices. This thought is almost immediately dismissed, however, as the victim believes that if he credits anything at all for his demise, such will be automatically ensured. The victim then begins a process of denial; when the illnesses, accidents, and misfortunes begin to surface in his life, he refuses to acknowledge them as having any sort of significance, and often will refuse to acknowledge that such things are happening to him at all. All of this occurs, of course, behind the veils of conscious recognition.

Part of this struggle against death is a sudden and spontaneous period of great success and happiness, which marks the third stage of death by Black Magick. This is perhaps the most alarming for the fledgling Black Magician, as he will see the victim of his curse seem to begin dying, and then suddenly recovers and begins to experience quite the opposite of demise and suffering. Money will come to the victim more easily, love will enter his life, the birds will sing and the flowers will bloom, and the Sorcerer will look on wondering where the curse has gone wrong. Remember that the power to manipulate reality is innate in all humans, and it is only in extreme circumstances that this power is tapped without great discipline and training in the occult and spiritual arts. The victim knows that his end is near, and in order to believe otherwise, he unconsciously reaches out into the world and summons happiness and fortune to his aide, rather than reaching deep into himself, acknowledging that he is no longer in control, and battling the demons and the darkness directly. What is needed for the continuance of this natural process of destruction of the victim for the Sorcerer to see these things and to recognize it for what it is: a definite stage of the curse's success. If, instead, the Magician begins to doubt the

power of the curse, he will often either unconsciously or literally begin to recall the very powers which are causing this phenomenon, and will impede them from the Work for which they were employed.

It is amidst his successes and his joy that the final stage of the curse will take effect, and the victim will begin to actually die. Usually by this time, the victim has removed himself so completely from the presence of the Sorcerer that news of his downfall is only brought to the Black Magician by word of mouth. This, in itself, has always been a note of interest: the Black Magician will almost always receive word of the suffering of his victim. The spirits and powers called will align coincidences which will verify the results of the curse for the one who cast it. Also, by this time, those same powers will have caused a separation between you and your victim that when you receive such news, you will be emotionally and psychologically affected by it more as an objective observer rather than an interested party. You will revel in the power that you have called into this world, and in your ability to end the life of another human being, but the victim himself, as an individual, will have been so far removed from your sphere of sensation and realm of interaction that his death will be as if it were the death of a stranger, or a caged laboratory subject.

THE CURSE

The altar should sit directly on the Temple floor, allowing you to kneel or sit behind it on the earth, giving you the freedom to move however may be necessary in the ritual. Two black candles should be set on the altar, one to the left hand side and the other to the right. A piece of moldable wax or a clay should sit on the altar, unformed. At first glance, this ritual can easily be called one of Sympathetic Magick. While a good deal of its devices are indeed taken from forms of Sympathetic Magick, it is not the imitative images, devices, and actions themselves which create the Magick, but instead is the emotion which is thrown towards and with these ritual devices that invokes the death of the victim.

The ritual dagger should also sit on the altar to your right. No other ritual implements are needed, unless the following orations cannot be committed to memory but instead need to be written and taken into the ritual.

Prepare for the ritual by centering yourself and focusing your mind on the object of the Working. Once you have achieved relative clarity, begin the Operation with an invocation of the Powers of Darkness and a declaration of your intent.

"I summon forth the Powers of Darkness into this Temple. I call you here upon the wings of demons so that you will murder my enemy, (victim's name). With swiftness, kill him. Without mercy, kill him. Without pity, kill him. (Victim's name) is my enemy, kill him. Powers of Darkness, forces of death, enter this Temple so that you will murder my enemy, (victim's name)."

Take the lump of clay in your hands and say, "By this image which I fashion in his likeness, kill (victim's name)."

Begin forming the lump of clay into a human form, and as you form the details of the face and the body, exaggerate the features that stand out most in your victim, such as a big nose, large or small breasts, a specific mole, a natural defect. It is not necessary for the image to unmistakably resemble your victim, so long as when you look at it, your mind is instantly brought to your enemy and none other. In fact, most fetish effigies are rather ugly, and when the Sorcerer sees it he sees a perfect depiction of his enemy. Let go of both your logical and your artistic minds, and form the image using your heart, your raw and ready emotions, your pain and your hatred. As you sculpt the effigy, bring to mind the reasons that you are performing the curse, the offenses that have caused you to kill your victim. Feel your intent to murder and the causative emotions being pressed into the wax as your hands mold the shape of your victim.

When the effigy is complete, look at it and see your victim. Feel your emotions bubbling up inside of you, as if your enemy were actually in the room with you, sitting on your altar, bound to do nothing but to hear you out and to receive retribution.

"(Victim's name), I bind you and subjugate you to my will. You have..." List here the offenses that your enemy has caused. Let this process of judgment increase your hatred towards your victim, and by the time you have finished with this short oration, you should be boiling over with rage.

Take the dagger in your hand and begin stabbing, slashing, pounding, kicking, spitting upon, or in any other way desecrating and destroying your enemy. Empty from you in this process all emotion,

yelling obscenities and affirmations of the death of your victim as you go. You will reach a point when you feel like the ritual might be complete, and you will consider concluding. Do not. I guarantee that unless you are lying on the floor in a puddle of tears unable to move, there is still emotion left in you for the victim. Continue your destruction of the effigy until you find yourself in this utterly drained state.

Once you have nothing left inside of you for the victim, call out, "By the Powers of Darkness, by this unholy Black Magick, (name of victim) is dead. The soul of _____ has fled from its doomed flesh and the eye of death stares unblinking at _____. By the Powers of Darkness, (victim's name) is dead." In completing the ritual, you will not have much energy remaining for lengthy conjurations and barbarous benedictions. You will sleep, or at least you will lie on the floor not fully conscious or aware of the world as it is, and as your mind pulls itself out of the shadows slowly, the powers and the demons which you have called begin attacking your victim, arranging the circumstances of the next weeks to bring certain death.

As you go about your days after the curse, try not to dwell on the victim or his or her death. When your mind motions towards that area of thought, simply release your desire to think about it, knowing and trusting in the death of your victim.

VOODOO DEATH

As I hiked the mountain towards my Temple cave, boxed up rooster held in my arms, backpack filled with all of the implements that I might need, shovel over my shoulder, and one finger hooked around the wire hand of an empty five gallon bucket, I tried to sense the spirits flying overhead or clamoring behind me as I climbed. I felt nothing. I heard nothing. The night was cold and quiet, and without phenomena. I climbed into the cave and began my preparations, laying out my dagger and axe on the altar, digging a deep hole in the ground, placing the Eleggua Head inside, and bringing the rooster out of its box and holding it under my arm. The whole thing seemed to me to be entirely without Magick.

I pulled a piece of paper out of my pocket upon which I had earlier written the invocation of Exu da Capa Preta. I recited the incantation a few times, yet again I felt nothing. None of this seemed to be producing any results. I was driven, however, to complete the ritual and to see this through to the end. I held the rooster by its neck over the hole in the ground and simply said, "For you, Exu."

After the bloodied Head was covered with dirt and the body of the rooster was buried nearby, outside of the Temple, I knelt before my altar, facing the direction of the buried Eleggua Head, and I focused my mind upon the unseen forces around me. There seemed to be no spirits around, no demons waiting to snatch the rooster's fleeing soul, no ancestral specters looking on at all. I again called out to Exu, to Eleggua, to Orisha, to this entity that I was invoking by any name to which it might respond. The only answer I did receive was a vague and stifled, "It is done. Return in three days." I packed my bag and left the Temple, hiking back down the mountain unsure of whether all of the trouble had been for nothing.

The next three days were wrought with anxiety, my thoughts continually returning to the cave, the sacrifice, and the Eleggua Head. Somebody might find the loose soil and the shovel that I left nearby,

and might decide to dig up the rooster who is now missing a head and a talon. Or they might even dig up the Eleggua Head and take it, or destroy it. The panicked feeling that I should return to the cave and retrieve the Head and the body parts early continued to press on me, and it took a great deal of resolve to wait out the three days.

With each day I also grew more exhausted, as if my very lifeforce was slowly being drained from me, until finally, as the hour of night neared for me to return to the Temple, all I wanted to do was sleep. I considered waiting another day, because it couldn't hurt to leave it in the ground just a little longer, right? As the evening sky darkened, I knew that I needed to go and unearth the Eleggua.

Before I even reached the hiking point up the mountain in my car, I could feel something evil ahead of me, not surrounding me or following me just yet, but simply waiting for me. Climbing the jagged rocks and stumbling over them in the pitch of the night, whispering voices occasioned my journey. I would stop and listen, and the voices would stop as well. Having stood face to face with demons, having traveled beyond the known realms of spirit, having opened gateways into the acausal, and having performed even the blackest rites of Magick, I am not usually prone to paranoia, yet the closer I came to the cave wherein the Head was buried, the more I felt as if I were being surveyed by unseen eyes and talked about by disembodied tongues.

When I dug up the Eleggua Head, it was difficult for me to find. It seemed to be buried just a bit deeper than when I first made the hole. I dug carefully, first with the shovel and then with my hands, until through the night shadows that drowned the cave a piece of white cement shone. I brushed away the dirt and was confused to find not a face covered in blood, but instead a flat piece of cement. The Eleggua Head had been turned upside down, perhaps by my shovel as I dug, but the discovery was unsettling at the time. Turning the Head over, I was startled at the amount of blood that I had released onto it. The cement was no longer white, but was instead covered in a partially dried sheet of red blood with pieces of dirt and twigs stuck to it. Pulling it from the hole, it felt warm, not to the touch, but it felt warm to my other senses. It felt warm like a body.

I wrapped the Head in a cloth and carefully set it in my backpack, along with the rooster's severed left talon. The head had disappeared altogether, which in itself was not strange considering the coyotes,

rabbits, hawks, and other animals that could easily scurry into the cave in search for a little snack. I fastened the pack to myself and began my climb. Descending the mountain, I had the unmistakable sensation that instead of a pack on my back, I carried a person or a being of some sort, its arms wrapping around my shoulders. The whole bag seemed to possess the energy not of an inanimate object, nor of a simple talisman, or even of a demonic vessel, but of a living thing.

Once home, I immediately cleaned the dirt from the face of the Eleggua and painted it black. When it dried, I closed it in a box along with the talon and set it on the outside of the sliding glass door leading to the balcony of my home. I did not want the thing inside of my house, as the simple spirits that wander the earth and the drifting energies are enough to keep my sensitive daughter awake at night if they are not regularly exorcised. From the moment that I applied the final coat of black paint, a definite channel of communication was opened between the Exu and I, and it agreed that being outside near the threshold would be fine. I also set a shot of rum in the box with it and went inside.

For the next few days I was forced to grow accustomed to the presence of Exu in and around my home, in much the same way a person might need to get used to an odd and secretive stranger living in their house. When I would go onto the balcony for a cigarette or to enjoy a beer or a glass of whiskey as I often do, the box containing the Head vibrated in almost a physical way. Finally, after two days of allowing the box to sit there, I opened it and took the Eleggua Head out. It was like seeing an old friend. The channel of communication instantly strengthened, and I knew that if Exu spoke to me, I would hear Its voice. I set it on the chair opposite me and looked at it in curiosity. After only a few seconds of gazing at the Head, my vision automatically began opening and the features of the face seemed to deepen, and the whole thing appeared to be not quite physical. This observation was not at all like that of a charged sigil or a consecrated amulet, where the material is imbued with power; the material of the Eleggua Head was not imbued with power, but had become transformed by power, transfigured into the elements of Exu Itself. I quickly put the Head back in the box, as my transfixion upon it was far too instant and far too deep.

In relating these experiences to my wife, I told her that the strangest thing about all of this was the seemingly spontaneous nature of it. I was not able to successfully invoke Exu before sacrificing the

rooster above the Head, nor was I able to transfer any power or intent to the object before I covered it with dirt. I simply performed the physical acts, and the results materialized.

Open your eyes followed. Another note of wonder is that the presence of Exu did not feel entirely spiritual. Exu rather felt physical, as if it existed on this plane just as you and I exist here, only without a visible body... for the moment. Where the spirits dealt with in western Magick exist on other planes or states of existence and can descend through veils of reality into the physical, it is as if Exu is already here, already waiting, already knowing that It is being called before the call is made.

DANGEROUS DOORS

Voodoo rituals to cause harm to others without killing them are not given in this text, although they are available from various other sources. I do this simply because from all that I have experienced with Hoodoo, Voodoo, Santeria, Palo Mayombe, and other African Diasporic practices, the spirits cannot be relied on to withhold their powers and to restrain their fury. In much the same way that a Hoodoo ritual for money may result in an automobile accident which allows you to receive thousands from an insurance company while you sit in a hospital bed with a fractured spine, a simple curse to harm a person might easily become the death of that victim, or the harm may come in the form of the victim harming or killing another.

The greatest dangers I have found in opening the doors to Voodoo power are that those doors cannot be closed once they have been opened, and that anything that travels through those doors into your life cannot be controlled entirely.

In performing a basic ritual of evocation, when a spirit found in western grimoires is summoned using western Magick and it rises up before the Sorcerer in beholdable form and manifest shape, the spirit can, for the most part, be subjugated under the will of the Evocator. When the ritual is completed, the entity can be banished from the Temple entirely, and all of the residual energy can be swept away. In Voodoo, however, the spirits summon the Sorcerer just as much as the Sorcerer summons the spirits. The Operator and the subject meet halfway in the ritual, and it is difficult to tell who is commanding

whom, or which of the two is the Operator at all. Often, the Voodoo spirits will make demands, and if those demands are not met, the powers which have leveled civilizations will be turned against the Sorcerer until a satisfying sacrifice is made.

I have found no banishings, no exorcisms, no rites of casting out that are effective against these spirits. To be rid of them, they must be consulted and they must agree to leave, by the letter of the terms that they give and in no other manner. It is a terrifying thing for a ritual Magician to make oaths with a being that can enforce them.

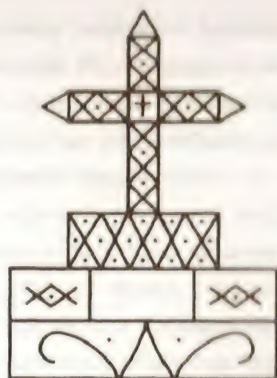
THE MURDER OF R.

After the Eleggua Head had been consecrated by sacrifice and had thus taken on the life and power of Exu, a direct communication was established between the Lord of the Crossroads and myself. It was through this communication that I received the method by which my victim, R., should be killed.

I needed to obtain a voodoo doll made of black cloth, and to my surprise, this trinket is much more difficult to find than I'd ever imagined. While some occult shops and bookstores carry voodoo dolls and "voodoo doll kits" of various brands, none of these that I've seen are black, most are obviously manufactured and sold as some sort of gag-gift rather than anything useful, and the few that are supposedly intended for actual use in ritual are too elaborate, having areas of the body marked with writing describing what will happen to the victim if the doll is stabbed in a particular organ. This is not what I needed, and I could not imagine myself holding one of these cotton-stuffed dolls, looking at the writing and the perfectly sewn seams, and not bursting into laughter mid-ritual. The remaining option in gaining possession of a black voodoo doll fitting my specifications was, of course, to have my wife make me one. I asked her to leave the top of the head unstitched, allowing me to fill the doll with specific items as Exu had instructed.

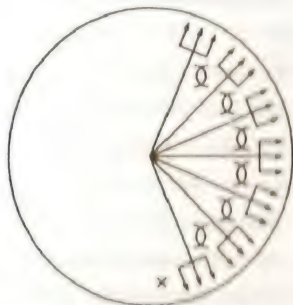
Voodoo doll complete, I stopped by an herbal shop after work one day and browsed the aisles of whole and powdered herbs. I grabbed the container of Asafetida and took it to the counter. Pointing to the label, I told the clerk that I'd need two ounces. He laughed and said, "Don't worry... I can't pronounce that word either." I smiled and added that I'd also need one ounce of wormwood. The clerk, who by his pallor and

lack of body fat or body mass at all appeared to be a vegetarian and religious herbalist, asked what I wanted with such potent herbs. I replied that my friend was a major herbalist and asked me to pick them up so that he could make tinctures out of them. The asafetida is well known for healing any sort of intestinal or digestive disorder, and wormwood is also used for gastrointestinal pains, so buying the two together arose no suspicion. I rolled up a piece of paper upon which my victim's full name was written, as well as a second paper with a sample of her handwriting, and I put both of these vertically into the empty poppet. The remainder of the doll was filled with the asafetida and wormwood, and the head portion of the doll was filled with cayenne pepper. I sewed the opening of the head closed with a needle and thread, and placed it in the box with the Eleggua Head and the rooster's talon.



Sigil of Baron Samedi

Two nights preceding the New Moon, I made my climb back up to my Temple in the mountain, Eleggua Head, rooster's claw, voodoo doll, a case of needles, two black candles, and a box of white chalk in my pack. Arriving at my Temple, I set my stone altar a few feet away from the southern rock wall of the cave, against which I leaned the Eleggua Head so that it faced me. With the chalk I drew the symbol of Baron Samedi six feet high on the southern wall, and drew the symbol of Exu da Capa Preta on the center of the altar. The doll, rooster's claw, and the needles were set on the altar, to the right side of the sigil drawn thereon. The two black candles were set on either side of the altar.



Sigil of Exu da Capa Preta

Simply taking the Eleggua Head out of my backpack brought the full force of Exu's presence into the Temple, and without my efforts, the area was already flooded with the necessary power, and I was already spiritually focused on the goal. As it had done the few times before when I had stared into its face, the Eleggua Head began to change, visually, as if the plaster particles were no longer solid, but were instead

made of some finer substance. In the moment that the image of the Head began to shift into the image of a living thing, an immense power stormed the Temple walls. In the darkness inside of a remote cave in the middle of the night, I was not alone.

I lowered my eyes to the sigil drawn on the altar – that of Exu da Capa Preta, and my vision opened without effort, the lines of the sigil becoming fluid and imbued with energy. “Exu da Capa Preta, sa ellu dam esa. Exu da Capa Preta! Exu da Capa Preta!” I continued to chant this name of Exu, being overwhelmed by a force and an intelligence that was beyond the physical, and which was beyond my experience, even in the most cavernous journeys in the occult. My lips and my tongue continued to move, and my lungs and my throat continued to make sound, but my mind was no longer in control. I cannot say that in that moment I became possessed, nor can I say that Exu manifested within the Temple in the same manner that a demon might materialize when evoked, but Exu was no longer confined to the form of the Eleggua Head, and my senses were no longer confined to my own head; it was as if Exu and I met each other halfway between the worlds.

In this state of temporary transfiguration, I looked up at the symbol of Baron Samedi as a parishioner might look up to the cross and see his Christ hanging, and the sigil unfolded to me, opened up as a gateway to my understanding. I had previously thought that Exu was an evil entity, a sinister malefic of limitless power. As Baron Samedi’s sigil opened, I realized that I had been confused, and that the Baron fit this description much more keenly than any other.

Taking the doll into my hand, I named my victim, and I commanded her flesh to be pierced with darkness, her organs to rot within her, and her life to depart from her. I ran a needle through her left shoulder, her right hip, her right shoulder, her left hip, her genitals, her throat, and finally into her heart. I went to set the doll back onto the altar, but was informed by Exu that this alone cannot take her life away, but that her brow would need to be pierced to draw her spirit from her. I did as I was told, and I felt the life of my victim drain away.

I laid the doll across both of my hands and raised them above my head. I asked Exu and Baron Samedi to carry this curse to R., that her life may be brought to an end, and in that second, the elements started to churn, the wind extinguishing all three of my candles at once and howling over the rocks and cliffs around me, thunder calling out through

the sky, and animals, cattle, dogs, and horses, in nearby farms and houses started clamoring at some unseen malice. Exu instructed me to bury the "body" in the dirt in the Temple, in the same spot that the Head had been soaked in blood and buried, and to place the rooster's claw on top of the grave. There it was to remain until R. was dead.

LESSONS FROM THE LORDS

During my time spent with Exu and the various Voodoo spirits, my intellectual research into the subject ceased, and I began to learn from the spirits themselves. While I was instructed in the use of love charms, bindings, and rituals for prosperity, it was the subject of Baneful Magick which had brought me to Voodoo, and it was the study of that art which devoured the majority of my attention.

From the accounts given in this chapter, it may seem that I walked and talked with the spirits daily. While metaphorically this is true, the literal reality was in actuality quite a bit more bizarre than meeting with my mentors in the flesh. As mentioned previously, after the Eleggua Head was consecrated by sacrifice, and after it was exhumed from the ground, an instant "psychic" channel of communication was opened between Exu and me. While at times these impressions might come as words spoken in a strong and undeniable voice, most usually when instructions are given such would come to me in the form of visions. I "saw" the black Eleggua Head before making it, an image of the black rooster was brought into my mind, the hole that I dug and the blood that flooded onto the Head from the chicken were clearly shown to me, as was the size, shape, and color of the doll. The herbs with which the doll was stuffed simply came to mind by name or description, which I then researched to discover what exactly the herb was and how to obtain it.

The most interesting part of this communication is that although it occurred through the inner channels, it also manifested itself physically. The rooster needed to be black, so when a red one was found for me, it suffered a traumatic death, allowing another, more rare black rooster to be given to me instead. I am not an herbalist, and in fact, I have shunned the science of it in favor of either modern medical advances or the most ancient arts of healing through will and intention. I have never before used herbs to cleanse my digestive tract, nor had I

ever heard of the "devil's dung," but I was led to purchase asafetida which is for that purpose, and has been used in witchcraft for centuries as a hexing or crossing agent. It is as if when Exu makes a demand of you, the supplicator, the whole universe will realign and will lay out before you all that you need to fulfill the request.

The rituals in this chapter were received in such a manner - directly from Exu, Baron Samedi, and various other Voodoo spirits. If the appropriate sacrifices are made and the spirits are awakened in your life, such as with the consecration of the Elegua Head, the spirits will speak to you and will advise you likewise. These are the most ancient teachers and most perfect mentors. Not all will be able to communicate directly with the spirits as I do, however, and often different communication devices will need to be employed. In their book *Urban Voodoo*, S. Jason Black and Christopher Hyatt recommend using a pendulum as an effective method of communicating with these spirits, as well as various African-derived divination systems. I have found through my own experience, much as S. Jason Black has, that western forms of divination and spirit communication are not easily integrated into the diasporic systems. Tarot, Norse or Celtic runestones, and I-Ching, for example, require quite a bit of effort to use with even the most minor success when attempting to receive communications from the Voodoo spirits. It is apparent, again from my own experiences and experiments, that more automatic forms of communication, such as those utilizing ideometer effects, provide instant and powerful results. As a rule I advise against the use of ideometer devices such as ouija boards or pendulums. Voodoo spirits, however, are more adept at manipulating the physical elements and forces than most other types of entities I have encountered with such ease that pushing a planchette, shot glass, or pencil is no task at all.

USING A PENDULUM

The pendulum has become one of the most popular methods of divination in New Age circles, being used by spiritualists, pagans, Evocators, and even "power-of-the-mind" disciples. It is a simple tool to make, to use, and often, to misinterpret. Although "pure" pendulum divination relies on automatic motion of the pendulum, it is often rather controlled by the unconscious faculties of the mind, the muscles

convulsing slightly enough to not be noticed, but still enough to move the pendulum in one direction or another. Although a pendulum can be made by fastening any small object to a string or chain, it is recommended that you purchase one. The cost is minimal and the result is a perfectly balanced and shaped pendulum.

When you are ready to begin working with your pendulum, dim the lights, take a few breaths to clear yourself of anxiety and expectation, and hold the end of the chain in your right hand, allowing the weighted end to hang free. Prop your arm in an unmoving position by putting resting your elbow on a table that is near chest height. With your left hand, gently push the pendulum in a swinging motion away from and towards you. Verbally tell the pendulum that this motion signifies an affirmative answer. Allow the pendulum to gradually come to a stop and then swing it in a motion to the left and right. Tell the pendulum that this motion signifies a negative response. When the pendulum again comes to a stop, hold it in your left hand to ensure that all motion has ceased, and release it slowly as to not set it on one path or another. Clear your mind and ask a test question out loud, such as, "Is my last name Koetting?" or "Am I a giraffe?" One of the great keys to successful divination of any sort is to relax your body and mind completely, to expect nothing less than a full response from the device, and to not predetermine an answer. In other words, be prepared for the possibility that the pendulum will tell you that indeed you are a giraffe, and if it were to, that you would have a great deal of learning to accomplish concerning yourself and your place in the world. In other words, allow the pendulum to do what it will, and for test questions, simply restate the negative and affirmative motions if the answer is not as it should be... but before the pendulum swings, do not "push" upon it one direction or another.

Another way of allowing the pendulum to answer is by circular motions. Swing the pendulum clockwise and tell it that this motion designates an affirmative answer, and that a counter-clockwise motion designates a negative answer.

Often, "mystic" housewives and garden witches will misuse the pendulum by pulling it towards them and releasing it so that it moves in a line towards and away from them. As this linear motion softens, the pendulum will naturally move in a circle, and the user will interpret this as a negative or affirmative response depending on

whether the circle is clockwise or counter-clockwise. This method relies on nothing spiritual whatsoever, and is found to be quite unreliable.

When held completely still, the pendulum will move on its own, or rather, will be moved by some invisible force. Another folly that modern dowzers fall into is to rely on nonphysical manifestation. While the pendulum will not budge from its central position in any amount, the querant will claim that he or she "felt" that it "was going to move" in some certain direction. If you find this occurring with regularity, especially if you have problems with the pendulum actually moving, you may want to consider "cutting out the middle man," putting the pendulum away, and relying on these instincts which create the nonphysical manifestation. In other words, if you are able to "feel" within yourself that the pendulum would be moving in one direction or another, if it were to move, then you will have no difficulty feeling such without the pendulum, or sensing that if the spirit were before you, what words might come from its mouth.

WITCHBOARDS AND DEMON INK

Ideomotor communication includes several methods of spirit contact and receipt of otherworldly messages which have supposedly always existed, but which began to gain popularity as an occult practice in the late 1800s and remain an integral part of modern folk Magick, urban lore, and dabbling tradition. Practices such as automatic writing and ouija boards are used more as teenaged games to spook each other than as tools of communicating with spirits or with the dead. They seem now to be used as a respected method of contact by crones, charlatans, and Neophytes.

To make use of the ideomotor effect, you must first choose a medium. An ouija board or automatic writing is a good place for most to learn this art. An ouija board is traditionally made of oak or pine, cut into a rectangular plank, upon which the letters of the alphabet, the numerals zero through nine, and the words "Yes" and "No" are written in thick, black ink. Accompanying the board is the actual dynamic device which is used in the communication itself, usually a triangular planchette with two elongated sides, forming a pointer which will cover or point to a letter, word, or number on the board, or a clear drinking glass or shot glass which will cover the letter entirely, but

will enable the viewer to see the letter through the bottom of the glass. The only tools needed for automatic writing are a good pen and a notepad. While loose-leaf paper can be used, it is not suggested, as you will be required to hold it in place with your other hand while your writing hand convulses and draws across the paper.

If you are using a board, place the planchette on the board and lightly touch the fingertips of both of your hands to the piece. Rather than placing any amount of pressure on the planchette, allow your fingers to float above the material, your skin barely resting on it. If you are practicing automatic writing, set up a table or stand to the right of a chair, if you are right handed, upon which the notepad is to be set. Your elbow should be propped up with the pen in your hand, the tip of it touching the surface of the paper. Again, do not apply pressure to the pen, but simply let the tip of it lightly rest on the paper. The table is set up to your right in order to keep the paper out of your natural line of sight, thereby minimizing your conscious interference with the process. In either case, take a few deep breaths to clear your mind and erase your anxiety, and begin the ritual of calling forth Exu in its needed manifestation. The planchette will begin to tremble and slightly move on the board, quickly picking up momentum and moving towards a letter, or sometimes drawing a symbol or repetitive motion with the planchette. If you are using automatic writing, your hand will begin to tremble and jerk repeatedly, drawing illegible scribbles on the paper. Eventually, these scribbles will either form words or images which can then be read or interpreted.

The beauty of this often inaccurate form of divination and communication is that it is indeed automatic. It requires little discipline, no formal training, and no prior occult success. It is a method that anybody can use, and even though the results will not be ultimately satisfying, the Dabbler can for a moment feel as if he is interacting with something beyond the physical.

The ideomotor theory rests largely in psychology and physiology rather than metaphysics. The subconscious mind exerts minor levels of muscular stress over the physical body without the conscious awareness of the participant. The muscular stress in turn causes imperceptible tremors in the body which in turn move the planchette or the pen across the board or the paper.

Most modern metaphysical teachings include the theory that

the subconscious mind is a collector and translator of any and all thoughts existing within the collective unconscious, which, since it is shared by all people throughout time and space, is in a way all-knowing and all-seeing. Accessing this universal mind through methods such as ouija boards or automatic writing will supposedly allow the individual to consciously access the requested information in much the same way that it can be accessed on the internet. The conscious mind asks a question or requests a search for information, the subconscious mind searches the databases for the information, retrieves it, and delivers it to the conscious awareness. The problem with this whole process is that often even if the request is submitted to the subconscious mind, the conscious mind may have an agenda of its own, as it usually does, and will interfere with the integrity of the whole exercise. If he is asking about his future financial conditions, and he is currently at a point where he feels he can sink no further, he may very easily tell himself, through these devices, that money will come. If he feels he does not deserve abundance in his life, however, this will be reflected in his reading as well. A good deal of the time, the successes experienced after using an ideomotor device is due more to receiving obvious answers to obvious questions, as well as the fifty-percent split between an affirmative or negative answer, rather than to actual spirit communication or psychic ability.

When used in conjunction with solitary Voodoo ritual, however, the ideomotor effect has proven itself to be quite effective. Often, it will seem to the Operator as if the planchette or the pen has been grasped by a second or a third invisible hand, and that it is that demonic grip that spells out the transmission.

PHYSICAL PHENOMENON

Earlier in this chapter, when recounting the Voodoo curse that I had placed, when I asked Exu and Baron Samedi to kill R., all of my candles were instantly extinguished in the wind. A timely gust of air can easily be disregarded as coincidence, but with repeated experience it is seen rather to be co-incidence. In other cases, I have seen the flames on multiple candles simultaneously flare up; I have seen objects moved across the room without any apparent physical force; I have witnessed unplugged record players begin playing music. I have even, on

occasion, seen those who have joined me in ritual being physically affected, or more appropriately, assaulted by the spirits that we have called.

Some ritualists have made amazing claims of seeing balls of light materialize in their Temples, hearing unseen fists pounding the walls, or have even had a full spontaneous manifestation of an apparition with which they have been able to communicate face-to-face. There is little I can say to refute these claims, as many of mine are quite a bit more bizarre. Many Neophytes have difficulty relying on this type of communication, however, as they still believe in the randomness of the universe and the possibility of coincidence. For those who can recognize the power in the signs, however, the power that the Voodoo spirits hold over the physical world and its elements is known.

MURDER BY MOONLIGHT

On the night of a new moon, boil an egg in water for ten minutes, adding asafetida to the boiling pot. Wrap the boiled egg in a cloth and take this, along with a black marker and Elegua Head to your Temple. Draw the sigil of Exu da Capa Preta on the altar, and attach or draw the symbol of Baron Samedi at least 4 feet high on the southern wall, which you are to face. Call forth Exu and Baron Samedi as outlined in the beginning of this chapter. When they are present, peel the egg and write upon the hardened yolk the name of the victim. Hold this up in both hands as an offering to Exu and the Loa, and say, "Exu da Capa Preta, carry illness to my enemy, cause his organs to rot within him, cause his mind to soften and his bones to break."

Still holding the egg in your hands, look towards the symbol of Baron Samedi and say, "Baron Samedi, Lord of the graves, sweep down upon (victim's name) and take his life. Bury him in misery. Fill his mouth and throat and lungs with the dirt of the grave. Fill his veins with beetles and fill his brain with worms."

The spirits will reply, either automatically or through the device that you have chosen. Often, Exu will give further instruction on the implantation of the curse, and this should be obeyed to the letter and the line.

Unless otherwise instructed, bury the egg outside of the victim's home at midnight, on their property. It is best if it is buried in his backyard or outside of his bedroom window.

INKED MALEDICTION

Place upon your altar a small piece of parchment paper, a fountain pen, and a long quilting needle. Place a tapered red candle on the altar. Set the Eleggua Head against the southern wall, and hang or draw the symbol of Baron Samedi in its place above the head.

Staring into the eyes of Eleggua, repeat the incantation, "Exu Elekun, sa ellu dam esa. Exu Elekun! Exu Elekun!" As you continue to chant the name of the Exu, its presence will grow in the Temple and will overwhelm your consciousness. When you feel that Exu has achieved critical mass, turn your eyes towards the symbol of Baron Samedi and address him, calling him forth from the graves.

Write upon one side of the parchment the full name of the victim, and on the other side write the specifics of the curse that you are placing, using only descriptors. As an example, you might write, Violent Accident; Blood flows; Painful Death; rather than the longer, "A violent accident will happen in which the victim will experience massive blood loss and will quickly after die painfully." Not only does this save space on the small paper, but it also does not allow the conscious mind to the interfere in the curse by analyzing the words and trying to put them properly. Primal and atavistic will to destruction is needed, rather than intellectual aggression.

Looking at the Eleggua Head, announce, "Exu Elekun, deliver this curse to my enemy (victim's name). Seek him wherever he may be and drive your spear into him that he will suffer, as it is written, so is it done."

Hold the tip of the needle over the candle's flame. Roll the parchment into tight curls and pierce it through with the quilting needle, the roll of paper being held together on the tip of the needle. Hold this rolled up and stuck parchment over the flame until it catches fire, and allow it to burn until nothing is left but ashes.

Gather the ashes together into a bowl or a bag, and toss these along with the needle into a lake, pond, river, or other natural water, or if this is not available, dig a small hole in the ground and fill the hole halfway with water. Throw the needle and ashes into the hole and fill it in with dirt.

Although Exu Elekun is traditionally the Exu of hunting, and as such can guarantee a successful hunt, he also is the predator, and cares

not for what he is hunting, so long as his prey is killed. Unlike many of the other faces of Exu of death which are dark and evil, Exu Elekun is upright and strong. Do not allow this to fool you. When Elekun begins a hunt, he never returns without his prey.

DEFIXIONES

Researchers and discoverers have found clay and lead tablets in the ruins of necropolises in Greece and Rome, as well as other parts of Italy and the surroundings areas. Upon these tablets the names of victims were written, along with their offenses and the demise hoped for by the curser. These tablets, called "defixiones," were buried in cemeteries or tossed into wells or caves so that they would be nearer to the underworld and the demons and spirits that dwell there will intercept the messages and bring them to pass.

In communion with Exu, a parallel between this practice and a Voodoo one was made.

On a square piece of clay, write the name or names of your victims, as well as their offenses, and your desire for their deaths. When this is dried, bury it deep in the earth with the Eleggua Head. After nine days, unearth the Head, but fill the hole in with dirt on top of the tablet. The Voodoo spirits will already be with the tablet, and will be working on the victim's demise.

DECONSECRATION

One of the most frightening aspects of Voodoo for me was the fact that once the entities were called, they could not be dismissed by any higher or holier force. Traditional banishings will prove only to anger the spirits and turn them against you. If the Eleggua Head is destroyed or given away, Exu will remain with you and will return your neglect to you. After searching for a way to rid myself of Exu and the various Voodoo spirits that I had called into my life, and failing in my quest, I finally turned to Exu and asked what must be done.

In ritual, Exu must be made aware of the separation, and must consent to it. Remember that these spirits are ancient, and that their intelligence and power is easily beyond our comprehension. They do not feel as you and I feel, and they are not offended when they have

done their work and they are no longer needed, so long as you have not been initiated either by them or by their human servants into their mortal family.

A parting sacrifice must also be given. The nature of the sacrifice and the specifics of it are to be revealed by none other than Exu. When the fact that a sacrifice was needed was made known to me, I was initially afraid that what would be asked of me would be something that I could not or would not deliver. I feared Exu's sinister playfulness, and my mind started racing through all of the possible sacrifices that could be demanded and that I would refuse to give. Approaching Exu with the subject, however, I was relieved to discover that the sacrifice that was desired was more simple to obtain and to offer than that which brought the Elegua Head to life.

After the sacrifice has been given, the Elegua Head should either be destroyed completely and scattered into the dust, should be thrown into deep water where it will never be recovered, or should be buried deep enough to never be unearthed.

I have found no banishings, no exorcisms, no rites of casting out that are effective against these spirits. To be rid of them, they must be consulted and they must agree to leave, by the letter of the terms that they give and in no other manner.

UNTIMELY DEATHS

Perhaps the most frustrating aspect of using Baneful Magick, especially when you really want or need the result, is the factor of time. When a person performs a ritual curse, they normally desire their victim's death within minutes, and even waiting days for it to come may seem too long. Although in most cases the complete release of emotion towards the victims, and the knowledge that their demise will meet them, is enough to allow the Sorcerer to continue in life without impediment, there are cases wherein the victim's actual and immediate death is needed.

A woman who briefly studied under me finally gathered the courage to ask me to teach her how to curse another person. As I always do when faced with such a request, I asked the specifics of whom she wished dead and for what reason. She confided that she was married to an abusive husband, and that the only way to make him stop was to kill him. I suggested that she simply leave him and use her occult abilities to create a new and better life for herself. This elicited sobs and regret for even asking for the curse, and she told me that he was trained as a military Special Forces operative, and that if she left he would find her and would likely kill her. I then suggested that, instead of using a curse, she purchase a handgun, phone a report in to the police telling them that her husband was trying to kill her, and deliver a few fatal bullets into his body. She had several objections to this course of action, primarily that she would never be able to face herself if she murdered him, somehow not understanding that by using a curse that is exactly what she would be doing.

I instructed this student in the method by which a curse could be placed that would end his life, along with a lecture on the amorality of performing such a ritual, and I warned her that the effect may not be immediate. She performed the ritual the next evening, and a week later phoned me to report that he was still alive, and that things had gotten worse for her. Now, not only did he beat and berate her, but he had begun to talk of not even loving her anymore, which terrified her

of what he would do to someone that he did not love when he would so severely damage someone that he did love. I told her that a timeline could not be guaranteed, and that her best option would be to try to find some way to remove herself from his presence while the curse took effect.

The next time that I heard from her she was being released from the hospital. Her husband had beaten her again, this time more severely than any other, but that he had fled that night and had told her that she'd never see him again, supposing that such might sound like a threat to his wife. She didn't even bother collecting her possessions, but went to a women's shelter and from there rebuilt her life. Her husband made good on his threat and she never did see him again, although she did hear in passing that he was deployed overseas and had suffered an injury in battle. Whether this injury had killed him was never known, but his wife did not care because she was safe for the moment, and he was dying.

As was illustrated by the account of a Sympathetic Magick curse given in Chapter Seven, although some sort of immediate "death" occurs, the victim being removed from your life and experience, if the principles of this Death Magick are adhered to, the literal destruction of the victim will eventually occur, albeit sometimes not in the timeframe that we would like. I have seen curses take effect immediately, my victims becoming violently ill and being hospitalized within days after the performance of the ritual. I have also witnessed years pass before the effects are made manifest. In both cases, however, the end result was achieved. The victims have been killed.

It can be, and often is, argued by the skeptic that given enough time, the victim of Baneful Magick will have died without the aide of any supernatural intervention, simply because people die. If you point your finger at any person and announce that they will meet their death, you will always be vindicated. In my experience, teaching, and research, however, I have found that the mechanism of death that follows a curse is most usually accidents and cancers. Perhaps these two causes of death are the easiest and most natural routes to the end result that the Powers of Darkness can take, and therefore they are the most common. Cancer, freak accidents, murder, and suicide occur every day to people who have most likely never been cursed, the skeptic again protests.

According to the National Vital Statistics Report, cancer does indeed rank close to the leading cause of death in the United States at 22.8%, while deaths caused by unintentional injuries or accidental deaths hold only a 4.4% of deaths in the U.S.¹ Combined, this only accounts for 26.2% of deaths in the United States. In time, I have witnessed and verified the deaths of every person that I have known to be cursed, usually by one of these two avenues. If coincidence could possibly be to blame for the 100% success rate, 100% of a randomly selected group of subjects (the cursed) happen to meet their deaths by something that is, statistically, only supposed to kill one quarter of those subjects. The chances of a random selection of ritualists having been offended to the point of murderous rage by members of a random 26 percent population minority are very rare.

While you are living, getting gain from the temporary removal of your victim from your presence, the victim is dying. Time is on your side.

SHORTENING THE LIFESPAN

Those who are driven to Baneful Magick for purposes of power rather than expediency are rarely satisfied by waiting months or years for the deaths of their victims. They want it all, and of course, they want it now!

Magick is the spontaneous manifestation of desire, such being accomplished through nonphysical means. If a ritual is performed to summon into the occultist's life an amount of money that money will automatically be brought to him, usually by some roundabout means having nothing to do with his own efforts. All that the Magician needs to do is to make himself available to that which he intends to manifest. If he receives the requested money, and then again repeats the ritual and receives more, he will often find a slight decrease in the amount of time that it took for the second amount to manifest than the first. This shortening of the time delay between the ritualized desire and the achievement the end result is usually not noticed from one ritual to another. I have been fortunate to work with and to teach individuals for years, and therefore to see their power and ability increasing exponentially, and to witness their skill of manifesting growing closer and closer to the miraculous. It is in the human nature to dismiss that

which has occurred in the distant past, or that which will occur in the distant future, only focusing on the immediate reality and the apparent primary causes and effects. Removing yourself from the subjective cycle, however, will allow you to see where you were when you first stepped onto this path, how you have progressed since that time, and with enough vision, you will be able to see where you are ultimately headed. In such a light, the concerns for the follies of today fade, and all things move towards a brilliant and inevitable Ascent.

One of the tasks of the aspiring Master is to learn the art of instantaneous manifestation, where there exists no perceptible amount of time or space between the summoning of a desire and its manifestation. Although the Operation for instantaneous manifestation differs dramatically from that of minor occult ritual, the process begins as described above: the Manifestor will sit and perform the Operation of manifestation, attuning his intentions and spiritual wavelengths with that which he desires. This Operation will be repeated daily, and often will be performed in the morning and in the evening. Within days, the Manifestor will begin to see coincidence aligning with his intention: he will hear in passing conversations random people talking about that which he intends to manifest; he will have offers for the item given to him at discounted rates; he will "randomly" meet and talk with those who have acquired the same things by more mundane methods. Most amazingly and reassuringly, he will be given what Manifestors often refer to as "gifts." Items and favors that are related to the object that he is attempting to manifest will be brought or given to him without his having to request or work for them. Although these are not the item that he desires in its fullness, they are signs that that which is being manifested is indeed being manifested. When first learning to manifest, especially when the desired outcome is difficult or impossible to achieve by mundane methods, the receipt of the end result may take up to a year, and sometimes longer. This doesn't sound instantaneous at all, but considering that the item or event wouldn't have been achieved at all without the Operation of manifestation, and seeing it from the vantage of the timeless rather than the restricted, it is obvious that progress is being made, even if the Manifestor must wait a year for his rewards.

As the Manifestor continues his experiences with manifestation, a year of waiting will become months, and those months will shorten

into weeks, and soon within days anything that he manifests will come to him. While he is experiencing great rewards of fulfillment, freedom, and abundance in his life, he is also reaping spiritual rewards. His aura begins to grow, to expand, to encompass a larger perimeter, and is able to reach to the ends of creation if needed. His spiritual bodies and the powers of each begin to unite, perfecting his health, purifying his mind, and empowering his every action.

Ultimately, if the Manifestor continues on this path towards Godhood, he will presence what is often called "the miracle of fish and loaves," in which there exists no measurable time delay between that which he manifests and its appearance in his life. A lesser form of this same phenomenon is found in the occult. As you continue to grow and become more proficient in ritual and the production of Magick in your life, you will see not only a shortening of the natural time delay between the ritual and its success, you will also notice a greater ability to bring about more difficult feats, to accomplish more with less. If your desire is to possess the power to harm or to kill another in an instant, this can be attained by continual practice and use of ritual towards various extreme ends.

EXTERNAL FACTORS

Although the time delay between the ritual and its success is naturally occurring and can be reduced or eliminated altogether through practice and application of these Operations in the Magician's life, other factors which are outside of the Operator, and some that are within him, need to also be considered and dealt with. In fact, some of these factors might not only slow down the success of the ritual, but possibly thwart it altogether.

The most common influencing factor which could negate the effects of any ritual, but for obvious reasons is more present in Baneful Magick than any other, is that of attachment to the outcome. In performing any ritual, in throwing any spell or curse, all emotion needs to be exhausted from the Sorcerer entirely. The intellectual mind understands that for every problem there are several viable solutions. Soul, spirit, and the invoked powers of Magick know that the physical world is nothing but a testing ground for the Godly incarnate, and that it is as malleable as lead in the hands of a master alchemist. The

emotions, the heart, however, worry and doubt. They, too, are tools of change, guiding the Sorcerer towards the minor goals of fulfillment which allow him to grow and to unfold. Once they point the way, however, they should be dismissed and the higher faculties of the human being should be allowed to take over and to cause the needed change.

The Sorcerer is more powerful than even he realizes. As he Ascends and as his power moves towards its own critical mass, that which he dwells upon and that which he strongly desires begin to manifest themselves, initially in minor formations, and later in full egregore-type apparitions capable of erecting palaces and gardens in his life, or obliterating all for which he has struggled into a wasteland. If he is able to take his emotions and his contemplations into ritual and to carry them on a stream of power towards his goal, he will rise as the Lord of this world. If any of his emotions linger behind as that column of light leaves his Temple, however, they will eat at him with doubt and fear. These emotions will grow within him if they are not stifled immediately, and that power which resides in him, which is his constant companion, will utilize those feelings as well, and will send doubt and fear towards his goal. He will unwittingly cause a battle between "So it is done," and "It is not possible."

The feelings and the desires which lead the Sorcerer to the Temple are often too strong to be stifled, and so they must be exorcized within the ritual, pushed outside of himself, enveloped with power and light and catapulted towards the goal. In the ritual of Baneful Magick, as the curse is being thrown, gather together all of your hatred, along with your doubt, fear, moral disgust, wrap them together and with profane screams and with malicious acts, rid yourself of them. Take all that is weak and turn it into power until no weakness resides within you.

After every successful Operation of Baneful Magick that I have performed, I have experienced a great peace and even a spiritual and emotional silence as I have walked away from the Temple. The anguish and rage have been spent, and those demons no longer devour me. The darkness and evil within has been given up and has been left to the machinations of destruction. A serenity and divinity then consume me, for there is nothing left in me but love.

Another common impediment to the success of a curse is the influence of spiritual forces in opposition to that which you have sown.

There may be others who are Working against your Works, consciously or unconsciously using their powers and Magical influences to counter yours. There may also be automatic spiritual protections warding off harm towards a specific person. Lastly, your victim may be a Practitioner of the occult himself, recognizing the malevolence that is acting upon him and actively taking measures against it.

An old friend of mine, and a former occult colleague, once asked me to place a curse on her adulterous husband, and because of our relationship, I obliged. Shortly after the curse had been placed, she divorced her husband, gained full legal custody of their children, and he was diagnosed with a rare form of cancer. She thanked me profusely for my assistance, and began a new and better life without him. As months passed, however, it became increasingly more difficult for her to live as a single parent, cooking all of the meals, taking the kids to school and different events, picking them up again, raising them and disciplining them, on top of working a full-time job. She finally phoned me one day to let me know that she had contacted her ex-husband and had asked him to move back in with their family. "I just didn't want to do it all by myself any more," she said. I reminded her that he was dying. If his end came by cancer, she'd find herself taking care of him along with their children. "I know," she replied. "That's why I'm healing him." Using what she had learned from her time Working alongside me in ritual and Ascent, she was gradually infusing him with the health that she had asked me to drain from him. She, who had requested the curse, was actively Working against my Magick. I destroyed the fetish items and the symbols that I had used to curse him, and I informed my friend that no other rituals would be performed on her behalf.

This is a clear and blatant form of somebody using their spiritual power to negate a Magical Operation. I have since lost contact with this "friend," so I cannot be sure that her spells have worked in healing her husband. I have, however, found myself on the other side of the same coin, being targeted by a curse and having to call upon all of my resources to negate it. I have found that it takes more Magically to keep yourself alive once a curse is thrown than it does for someone else to attempt to kill you. I have had to drop all things in my life and bring myself into an inner spiritual retreat, focused on nothing but the strengthening of my power sometimes for several days. When this does

occur, however, it usually allows me to come into contact with the baneful energies that assail me, in a very tangible form, and to utilize those very energies against my attackers. It is a difficult thing, however, and has at least twice nearly failed.

One method that can be used to help guarantee your success, if you suspect that such spiritual interference will present you, is to bind the power of the one that you are cursing before you begin the ritual of destruction. This can easily be done with Sympathetic Magick, making a doll and visualizing it to be your victim until the psychic likeness is apparent. Around the entire body of the doll, wrap twine, saying, "(victim's name), you are bound," repeatedly. This ritual, although simple and primitive, has kept aggressive and abusive men away from their victims, has constrained enemies from being able to cross over thresholds, and has opened up giants to fatal Magickal attacks.

PSYCHIC ASSASSINS

The moment that I chose to reveal my occult practices to others, I began receiving requests from others to do some "spell" for them, to influence a love interest, to help with money, and most often, to harm an enemy. I have, on every occasion, offered instead to teach the requesters the Operations of Magick so that they themselves could rule their worlds, and have almost always been shot at with an instant, "Never!," especially in regards to the curse. Most uninitiated feel that so long as they hire the hitman rather than becoming one that their conscience will be clean. "Even if it does work, which it won't, I didn't do anything myself. I'm not the psychopathic Satanist willing to sell his soul to murder and to get gain."

Given the opportunity, most people would at some point in their lives commit murder, if they were guaranteed that no legal recourse or punishment would be sought, if they believed that their particular God would condone their actions, and most importantly, if their social peers would never find out about their hideous actions. Most would kill those who have harmed them, betrayed them, or posed some sort of social, marital, or physical threat to them. Others, those who are likely reading this text, would seize such an opportunity to kill simply because the opportunity was present. In regards to Baneful Magick and the Operation thereof, it usually is the former type of murderer who would consult the latter type for the contractual curse.

The few occasions where I have disregarded my standing policy of not using this Black Magick in the behalf of others have always been due to an even stronger conviction to help those close to me who cannot help themselves. While in the majority of these cases the request was made to me verbally by the benefiting party, at other times the request has come to me not from their words, but rather as a silent cry for someone to intervene.

Often, when my assistance has come in the form of aid to the spiritually and sometimes temporally needy, the death of the victim is followed by the distressed damsels, and that sorrow is directed towards

me. Because of my haste to help, I usually lose a good friend and an almost immeasurable amount of self-respect for having violated my personal ethical code. Almost immeasurable.

Instead of waiting for victims to come to me in the form of enemies of my friends, I instead began to cast my gaze around me, at the world's inhabitants, and I found as most who practice these Arts with any regularity do, that victims, targets, aspirants of death are not only everywhere, but that they beg so loudly to be destroyed.

In order to engage in the business of assassination by means of Magick, whether for financial profit or for more internal and personal forms of reward, you must possess no conscience aside from the relativistic. Your concern for the welfare and happiness of human beings must be eradicated altogether, regardless of the gender, age, or disposition of the victim. Everybody who breathes has the right and reason to continue doing so, and you must therefore kill indiscriminately. You are not, as is so often posited by the unknowing, acting as God deciding the fates of individuals; you are acting as a warlord, Operating with black spiritual forces upon the physical world and its inhabitants with indiscretion, removing those who linger on your path and killing those whose deaths would bring you profit. You are inhuman and inhumane, and you must embrace the coldness within.

You must either accept your position as decider of your fate and your spiritual existence, rather than leaving such nominations to religions or their gods, for none of them would have you; you must accept the meaninglessness of all things; or, you must accept your place in perdition fully, knowing that you are damned and reveling in the fires of hell.

Most Black Magicians cannot continue for any extended amount of time believing that they are cursed, and that after this life they will be sentenced to some biblical never-ending torture. A few will feed on the Christian mythos, and in doing so will begin to lose touch with reality, in much the same way that those who "know" that they have been saved and are headed for a heaven far greater than any inhabited by even the mildest of sinners is lost to even the gossamer spiritual realities. The Son of Perdition will begin to ally himself strongly with

Satan, often claiming daily conversation with the Fiend, and might even announce or at least believe that hell has reserved a special throne for him after his death. While he thus proclaims his own diabolic majesty, he usually fails to produce success, happiness, wealth, and enduring power of the real and tangible sort. Those who at least subconsciously desire to save their sanity will either reject the philosophies that have damned them for their murderous witchcraft as a whole, adopting instead an existential and relativistic life-philosophy; or there is the other brand of scrambling soul who will do just the opposite, running into the arms of the clergy and the faith that would cast him out if his secrets were shouted from rooftops, and he does all that he needs to regain their favor, either ommissively deceiving his way back into the fold, or declaring his previous sins and his present salvation so loudly that the Church makes an example of him, a testimony to the saving grace of God.

The more difficult route is that of autonomy. Without canon scripture and clerical guidance to lead the way, not necessarily in the Path of Ascent but often simply through the drudges of ordinary existence, most people do not know how to function. Traditional values and religious ethics provide a base for our perception of life, and although there may be issues that an individual might disagree with, it is the institution itself which provides a point-of-reference for even the anarchist and atheist. It is always the task of the Ascendant Sorcerer to discard his socio-religious programming entirely and to think, to perceive, and to act upon creation in a unique and original way, and to therefore manifest in the world unique and original changes and true Creations. Too often, those who do possess Creative potential instead use their power, their intellect, and their vision to maintain a battle within themselves and also externally against the institutions in which they were raised. As spiritual adolescents, they are still trying to discover their individuality and their unique place in the world, but they feel that they must do so by opposition rather than objectivity.

A person can kill, out of rage, jealousy, love, revenge, and can return to a sane existence through various methods of compartmentalization. To kill repeatedly, however, and for no emotional or personal reason, as an assassin or mercenary, requires a uniquely objective mind frame. It requires the killer to understand intellectually, emotionally, and spiritually that his fate is determined

by himself alone; the force of karma, or any other sort of spiritual or divine reciprocation of evil, is not invoked by his actions and deeds, but instead by how he assimilates those experiences... how he copes with the knowledge that he has killed, that he does kill, and that he will kill again.

I murder, I eat, I make love, I write, I work. I am a killer, a writer, a teacher, a student, a lover, a husband, a father. The act of killing, of using this Baneful Magick to bring death to others, regardless of the numbers or the names, cannot be allowed to overwhelm all that you are, for you are more than a killer, just as you are now more than a reader. Once you finish reading, you then become a thinker, an employee, a chef. You are not what you do, you are only what you are.

You must, in order to kill on command, have discovered through experience the secrets of Baneful Magick. While you can read and you can study the Black Arts of death and you can listen to the tales and the adventures of the immortal warlords, the mysteries of Black Magick are revealed only to the initiated. Rather than joining some lodge, become initiated by the Powers themselves. You must begin to use these arts, to perform the Operations, to harm and to kill, to control and to break others. Once you have set aside care for acceptance of any sort, and you have burned the myths of salvation upon the deicidal pyre, and you begin to kill, begin to summon the Powers of Darkness to sweep the face of the earth and to destroy your enemies, those very powers will begin to teach you. They will whisper the secret knowledge, word-by-word, into your ear, and if you obey, you will be given more, until finally there is nothing left to tell you, and you become the whisperer.

There is a certain point, an exact moment in any ritual when the body of flesh and the shroud of consciousness break, and Soul is unlocked from its catatonia, freed to deliver its will to the world. The Sorcerer must become familiar with this sensation, must recognize this moment as soon as it begins, and must look for it at all times within himself, this breaking point, for like the ocean's waves, it may crash upon his shore at any moment without warning or preparation, and if he feels that wave coming and is ready to ride it back into the abyss, no power can hold him to the dust and the sand. When you are in ritual, pay close attention to what you are sensing, searching for signals that

your body and mind will give you, learning from yourself, listening to your environment, tracking similarities and mapping the course towards power.

Having personally mentored students of these sciences in the esoteric and occult arts, and having thus brought them to their own Magickal proficiency, I begin a series of rituals and ordeals meant to test them in the real world, to assign them tasks, the results of which are verifiable, recordable, and reproducible. One of these tests is to use certain forms of Baneful Magick against targets that I have selected and that I can personally verify have been affected by the curse. Some more obscure satanic and esoteric groups who practice human sacrifice either by traditional means or through curses maintain exact guidelines for their selection of opfers, such as unchivalrous nature, contemptuous behaviors, or actions directly aimed at the downfall of the Black Magick group in question. Once an opfer has been selected to be culled from the human population, several tests are administered to determine the quality of the sacrifice, without his knowledge, to allow the opfer himself reverse the judgment that he is not worthy of life. If these tests determine that indeed the candidate is deserving of death, the abduction for the sacrificial ceremony, or the ritual curse, is undertaken.

I have always regarded this process as a masturbatory one, a self-superiorating process of justification of evil, just as I have found immense irony in the need of the Satanist and the sinister to feel good about the evil that they do, claiming that "Satan" is not evil, but is a psychological construct or archetype of our original selves, or sometimes our future selves, and is therefore in actuality rather good – the Angel of Light, the one who disrobes the whore of society and religion to show her ugly, deceitful nakedness.

My selection process is simple, whether I perform the ritual of death or if I instruct others to do so: if I feel that a person deserves death, if I feel that the world, large or small, could benefit from his absence, if I would have little sympathy were he to die in an automobile accident or a convenience store robbery, then I have made my selection. An envelope is sent to the student who has prepared him or her self for the test containing the name of the target, a photo, and a personal link of some sort, which I collect myself. I will never, under any circumstances, tell the assassin what the target has done to deserve death, nor will I

attempt to justify the murder in any way. This would interfere with the objectivity of ritual, as well as contaminate the integrity of the experiment. I also leave the specifics of the curse, such as the type of ritual or the manner of death up to the discretion of the student.

For most, this is a difficult assignment, even for the Black Magician who has successfully killed before, and who is possessed by no moral deterrent keeping him from killing again. As is also the case in real-life murder, such as with serial killing or mass murder, taking another's life in revenge, passion, anger, or any other circumstance which makes the blood "hot" is much easier for the psyche than killing in "cold" blood, hunting a victim whom you have never met, and for no reason important to you, killing them.

Once the student has moved beyond his or her moral restraints, however, this exercise is seen to be rather simple. It is often assumed that desire is the catalyst which makes Magick work and is the force behind the ritual, when in actuality, desire is the one great deterrent to real power. Desire serves the single purpose of directing you towards a goal. Once that direction is achieved, however, the desire becomes an obstacle rather than a propulsion. The type of power that is being utilized in these Works of Darkness does not have a body or a name, nor does it emanate from anything or end at any point. It simply is, and we have learned to commune with it and to direct it, and to allow it to direct us. It does not come from the emotions, the thoughts, or the will of the Magician; these things facilitate a connection with this power only, after which the power itself is activated towards a goal, which is then shortly after achieved. The basic and fundamental principles of ritual guarantee a linking-up with power and the manipulation of the flow of it towards an end result. One of the most important, and most overlooked principles of Magick, however, is that in order to achieve anything, all desire must be erased for the desired result to be achieved. This is a paradox that is solved only through the esoteric. In ritual, all desire must be thrown into the flame, the smoke, and the symbols, and all will for effect must be given up to the powers of Magick. How much more natural is this transfer, this release of desire, when there is nothing to be personally gained or lost by the final outcome.

Despite the minimal downfalls caused by moral or social ingrained codes of conduct, using Baneful Magick to kill randomly, without attachment, this allows the Sorcerer or Sorceress to kill more

effectively, not bound by the greatest deterrent to power, which is attachment to the end result.

METHODS OF MADNESS

After all moral objections to unjustifiable murder have been overcome, the most difficult part of using Baneful Magick to kill a stranger is knowing what exact type of ritual to use. Interestingly, the first ritual which I have seen most of my students attempt to use is one of the most basic, which utilizes the ritual release of hatred. They rationalize to themselves that perhaps, since they are embarking on a new type of journey, they don't want to start out with something too grand, and too difficult. Why deviate from something that works, and works well?

Although this type of curse is extremely effective in harming and sometimes killing those enemies whose very names cause your face to redden with anger and your fists to clench in rage, nearly every time this ritual is used in the present context, the student realizes within a few minutes that it will fail. There is nothing wrong with the ritual, aside from its inherent reliance on the driving emotion to destroy the particular enemy. These powerful emotions can be simulated, but the actual sitting-down practice of transference of anger from any one disturbing thing onto the victim takes quite a bit longer than is desirable for most practical application, although once learned allows the Sorcerer to draw from any source of anger and push it out of him towards an entirely separate goal.

I must again reiterate my previous admonition to learn your Magick so well that you can feel the initially swellings of power within you, and that you can recognize immediately when your body and your being open up as a nexion for the forces which you conjure. Whichever ritual best produces this effect, forging your own self as the gateway for change, use it. For some this may be the Voodoo system of Magick, others might find that the evocation of a demon, or even an angel opens them up to power, and usually those who have Mastered the Art of Baneful Magick will use the curse given in the final chapter of this text time and again for this reason. Discover what works for you, discover your own method, and use it.

An inexplicable change occurs within the killer in the exact moment that he makes the resolute decision to kill, as he actually moves towards his victim, either in body or in power. A spiritual darkness falls on him and a strange force fills him, as if he were possessed, not by some wandering spirit or accursed fiend, but by the fullness of a thing that has resided within him all along, but that he keeps caged away until the moment for killing has come. Most serial killers report having or are reported to have possessed seemingly inhuman strength and resistance to counter-attacks when they are in the process of murder, and in the indulging of the propelling fantasy. As the internal metamorphosis takes place, all fear shrivels and doubt disappears.

In his first Magical murders, the Sorcerer's internal senses are too obliterated by the moment, by the rage and by the knowledge of his terrifying actions to objectively appreciate the experience, and to recognize the unseen that is only sensed in silence. It is usually only around the third or fourth curse that he places that he is able to instinctively analyze the situation and to realize that he is killing as the Gods kill, and to feel the throne that he has established on earth being lifted up into heaven. It is at this time that he begins to marvel at his own power, and begins to honor the powers which flow through him into this world. He is then free to experience the unique psychological and spiritual states into which he rises during ritual, and to attempt to reproduce them in future Operations.

It is in this reproduction that he learns to grab the God within and to shake It into wakefulness. He realizes instantly whether the ritual will be successful or not, the whole Operation being contingent upon his ability to presence the sinister within himself, and resultantly to fully invoke and evoke the sinister that is Beyond.

SEARCHING FOR A SACRIFICE

The disposition of the Gods is solitude. Once you have reached into the heavens and have pulled your vision into the unknown realms of the Eternal, your return to the flesh and to its dying home is marked by loneliness. Others will be fond of you, and indeed, will in diverse ways worship and adore you, never aware of their reasoning. You will find, however, that you are not one of them. You are in the world, but no longer are you of the world. All social and personal relationships

will seem to serve a more functional purpose than before, but within yourself you will begin to detest the species which could have and could be Everything, but which instead chooses to remain nothing. You will continue in the career which you have chosen, but the workplace banter and the coffee-pot gossip, all of the interpersonal perks of work will no longer interest you. You will maintain friendships only if they provide some pragmatic function. You will love and will make love, but will be constantly saddened by your inability to penetrate the body of the Eternal without having to leave this world and its hosts behind. Yet your sorrow is displaced by the power and the majesty that you have found, the limitless well of life and light from which you may drink at will.

With this vantage that you have gained, you will experience a particular irony: the deaths of these animals which could be become Gods if only they tried are as meaningless to you as the demise of an insect which may, in some future incarnation, become a man; in the same moment, however, although you desire to allow your spiritual muscles to tear through your fleshy clothes as you flex them, the unending equality of all things makes the choosing of a specific sacrifice difficult, if not altogether impossible. You have become a superhuman being without a villain – or a villain without a hero to destroy. You have become a nemesis in an existence which bows before you.

If you desire to kill with these powers that you have gathered, your task will no longer be in the murder, but instead will be in the choice of the offer. Waiting for some foolish offender to come to your doorstep is a viable option, although not a highly desired one. When the power surges through you, the virtue of patience becomes a vice. I have used my intuitive connection to this power to choose a victim, a target, a complete stranger whose death is deserved in some way that still remains unknown to me, allowing the forces which surround me and dwell within me to circle around and return with a nearby person, with whom I would quickly make an introduction, gathering the name of my new victim, and perhaps even directions to some local stop etched in his or her personal handwriting. This, for most, requires a level of intuitive clarity which has not yet been developed.

Another option is to gain membership in an occult Order or lodge which practices the art of sacrifice. In doing so, you might immediately notice that the only members who seem to possess any real power or

occult skill at all are those like you who are merely "passing through," using the structure of the Order to achieve some specific goal, and then retreating back into solitude. However, membership in such lodges does allow you access to the wishful fantasies of their members who have written lists of those deserving death or bane, but who do not possess the wherewithal to exact the needed changes. A certain level of sycophancy is needed to excel in these lodges, however, which is an emetic to the internally honest Black Magician, and is not easily stomachached for long.

Perhaps the most readily available form of victim selection comes from the unwitting. Simply asking in casual conversation those with whom you associate which persons they would kill if they could, will provide you with endless names for possible targets of your Baneful Magick, confirming the previous assertion that, given the opportunity, most people would at some point in their lives commit murder if they could "get away with it," on their various levels of fear of discovery.

PART III : DESTROYER OF WORLDS

CO-INCIDENT ANOMALIES

"Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe."¹

Faith is the hope for the reality of those things which are supposed to be true, but which have not yet been evidenced nor manifested in reality. Knowledge is "the fact or condition of knowing something with familiarity gained through experience or association."²

There is a great divide, a grand division between those things which are held in faith, and those things which are known. With ritual and Magick, you have taken the ephemeral faith or hope for some sort of alteration in reality and have instead done something with it, have acted upon the universe to transform that which was once hoped for into that which is now known. Often with these delicate arts, however, the final product of the Operations of Magick is not so immediately obvious, and the Practitioner may easily believe that his ritual is merely an act of faith rather than a procuring of a sure knowledge. Signs do follow, however, as the power that has been summoned and directed to a goal begins to pull at reality and begins to fold it inwards, to bring it into accordance with your will. If the aim of a particular ritual is the active control of another person, that person might say or do something out of character which will show you that your spell has begun to work. If you have summoned prosperity into your life, you might run across a crisp ten dollar bill lying on the sidewalk, seemingly unnoticed and unretrieved by all others who have passed by it. Without these signs, many would-be magicians would never be, tiring of the same faithful games played by the religions that they have rejected, hoping rather for a knowledge of the power that they hold.

As your Ascent as a Master quickens and you find yourself moving towards a spiritual critical mass, the signs that are given to you by Magick become more profound, reaching towards the miraculous - all of this given merely as a sign of the actual success of your Operations. In the context of Baneful Magick, these automatic occurrences prove to

be rather frightening, and altogether reaffirming of the reality of these Works in which you are engaged.

PREMATURE DEATH

Although in previous chapters of this text the subject of time delay in the full completion of a curse has been covered, the opposite phenomenon, that of zero time delay, or even of negative time delay, has not even been touched upon outside of the vague context of manifestation. While a shortening of the time span between the performance of the ritual and the manifestation of the end result is observed as the ritualist progresses towards Mastery, from time to time it is also observed as what initially appears to be an anomaly. In performing Operations of Baneful Magick, or any sort of ritual, the initial delay to be expected can range from days to weeks, and sometimes months. Every so often, however, the ritual will be performed and within hours or even minutes its success will follow. In these occasions, it is interesting to note that the overall effect of the ritual is more dramatic and forceful than is normally anticipated.

A few years back I had rented a room in a house with two women, one of which was a good friend and the other, Sarah, was definitely not. Sarah's personality and mine "clashed" quite a bit and quite often, and it seemed that she took advantage of every opportunity that she was presented to undermine me and my efforts towards success and happiness. One evening after a particularly disrupting disagreement, I retreated to my room, sat in a chair which faced a permanent altar and a large black scrying mirror, and I clamed my emotions and gazed into the mirror. When my scrying vision had opened, I recited a basic demonic incantation, which gave rise to visions of fiends willing to bring about my command, which I did not even need to give verbally before the demons understood my intention and made it so. My half-finished ritual was interrupted by a sound in the adjacent kitchen of dishes crashing to the floor. I concluded the ritual, thanking the spirits for their swift appearance and dismissing them, and I sprinted out to the kitchen towards the previous sound of clamor, finding Sarah trying to bring herself off of the floor without cutting herself on any of the shards of broken plates and bowls. I offered her a hand, which she refused by a dreadful expression on her face, and she

staggered to her feet and left to her bedroom. The next morning she reported feeling extremely ill, and had to take the day off of work. Her illness remained for weeks, and while it was not grave enough to cause any serious health problems, it did keep her psychologically sedated and ever so peacefully silent. The results of the ritual were almost immediate, and were entirely unexpected.

An even stranger phenomenon is when the success of a ritual is instantaneous, or even occurs before the ritual has taken place, but after the Sorcerer has made the intent decision to kill. This unusual occurrence generally takes place during the planning stages of ritual, when the Magician is deciding on the specific sigils and symbols to use, the demons to call, the language of the incantations, and the method of destruction. As his mind is drawn into the reality of his victim's death, it occurs before he even has a chance to perform the ritual. His power has become so real to him that the mechanisms of ceremony remain as a reminder of beautiful times, as decorations in his Temple and as a pretty thing which is not necessary but which is enjoyed all the same, like wine or a filet mignon prepared rare.

This Magickal anomaly becomes even more interesting when the Magician is not aware of his pre-ritual success, and he performs the ritual anyways, only to learn of its preemptive efficacy soon after. Thoughts of possible energetic time travel and alterations in the continuum due to his ritual numb him, leaving the Sorcerer in a state of shock, no longer quite sure if he is wielding the sword or if the sword is merely using his hand to swing itself. When this particular phenomenon occurs, it may seem as if the Magick is reaching into the past and twisting its fabric just enough to cause a reaction in the present.

The first time that I experienced this particular psychological shock was when I still lived at home, and was only a few months away from my high school graduation and my supposed life of freedom. My mother had struggled through raising seven children and being a full-time homemaker while studying to achieve her life's ambition, which was to serve others through medical nursing. Finally reaching her goal and becoming a Registered Nurse, she began work immediately, her career beginnings coinciding with my father's marital indiscretion and their gradual divorce. Although she was qualified to work in hospitals, clinics, or any other medical institution, she chose to work with the elderly in rehabilitation and retirement centers. Several of

my siblings had grown up and left home while others had simply left home before growing up, and those of us that remained moved into a large rural house just outside of town. It was in that home that she decided to no longer work for others, but instead to establish a residential home care facility for the elderly, where a limited number of residents would live in rooms that we had added on to the house, as well as a few pre-existing ones, and would share life with a young, beautiful, healthy family. The setting was perfect, and the women that stayed with us were wonderful. It was an idyllic situation, until my mother took on her final resident, who, due to respect for her family, I will refer to as Virginia.

Virginia was an opinionated old woman with tastes so bland that they verged on eccentric. She enlisted myself and my younger brother to help her clean out her house and move in to ours, which we did happily because this woman was, after all, going to be spending the remainder of her life with us. Her pace with her walker was excruciating, her incessant complaining about aches and pains were grinding, and her ability to find the negative in any one and any thing was astounding. She required help up to her walker, as well as help getting down from her walker into her chair. She would stand at her bedroom doorway and call out for myself or my brother, for hours if need be, until we came to assist her. This was all a part of the business, I assured myself, until one night when I sat in the dark watching television and found her leaving her bedroom without her walker or any help whatsoever, walking down the hall at a pace that could have rivaled mine, making herself a sandwich, and returning to her room without incident. This read rather oddly for me, so my attention was fixed on her and her needy behaviors. I began to observe that over the years she had become expert at dramatic interpretation, as well as at the art of manipulation. She was tiring my entire family out with her demands, which were often unreasonable and unacceptable, but were always met. When she was told that she wouldn't be helped with any certain thing, she would fall and hurt herself, or would burst into a sobbing fit which was as quickly ended as it began once compliance was met. The longer that she stayed with us, the more miserable our lives became.

I also became aware, as I watched her and took copious mental notes, that when she entered a room, even if it were filled with strangers

to her, they would part for her to enter, clear a seat for her, and stand as far from her as possible. She possessed what I have since termed a "negative aura," sucking light in rather than exuding it. Soon, even spending minutes in her presence would exhaust her visitors or caretakers, and a series of minor illness began to fall on the inhabitants of my home. She was vampirizing my entire family, emotionally, psychologically, and spiritually, and having a captive audience only allowed her to refine her abilities. My mother had half-jokingly mentioned on a few occasions how she wished that Virginia would just die and leave us be. Unfortunately, she had just had a physical examination and was in prime health. Her doctor told her that she still had at least years before her death, and possibly quite a bit longer if she took care of herself. Her vampirism would continue indefinitely, and we would be stuck with her for as long as she could hold on to our skin.

I decided to kill her.

I had only performed two or three successful curses, none of them ending in the deaths of my victims, although each was very powerful in its own way. However, I was determined to be rid of this woman, and I knew that death was the easiest door through which she could leave. It was a Thursday night when I consciously declared my intention to myself, and all day Friday was spent mentally planning the ritual. I planned to take a midnight hike that next day, Saturday, to a plateau that overlooked our small town, which required that I stay the night with a good friend and a former occult comrade, which wasn't disputed by either of our parents. My occult practices were well known, although all related material was not allowed in my mother's house, and so I decided to try and cause Virginia a heart attack to kill her - it seemed to my uneducated mind a common way for the elderly to die. I brought in my backpack all of my provisions, and told my friend of my intentions.

Saturday was like all others, listening to punk music, playing darts, talking about girls, and regularly sneaking away from the house to smoke cigarettes. My friend's dad was an older biker, a Harley Davison man who belonged to a group of bikers who called themselves "The Butch Cassidies of Southern Utah." The "Butch Cassidies" were regulars at my friend's house, and although they weren't sure what to think about my black clothes and shaggy hair, they accepted me as an adopted son... and they loved to hear my misanthropic poetry. The old cigar-smoking, beer-guzzling, hog-riding bikers were over that Saturday

cooking potatoes and stuffed mushrooms in a Dutch oven and grilling steaks on the barbeque. It was early spring in the southwest and the day was indescribably luscious.

Just as I was biting into a fat mushroom stuffed with cheese and pork and wrapped with bacon, my friend's dad stumbled inside to get the phone, and returned, turned down the music, and informed me that it was my mother, and that she had been crying. I answered the phone, afraid that she had found my latest stash of occult books, marijuana, or pornography, but instead she began the conversation with a tearful "How are you? Are you having fun?"

"Yeah, mom, I'm having fun. What's up?"

"Well, Virginia passed away today."

She was quiet for a second, either composing herself or allowing me time to do so. "Oh my god," I whispered, not sure what to make of it. "I thought she was... well... I thought she was healthy. Did she fall or something?"

"No," she answered, sniffing and brushing her hand against the mouthpiece of the phone as she tried to wipe the tears off of her cheeks. "No, she had a heart attack." After a few more seconds of silence, she continued. "Aside from her age, she wasn't even at risk for heart attack. She was as healthy as a horse at her physical exam yesterday, and now she's dead." My mother had worked with death for years and was accustomed to it. Perhaps at that time I had become comfortable with it as well. The fact that I was only hours away from performing a ritual which was intended to cause something that had just happened - not simply her death, but a heart attack, the exact cause of death that I desired to stimulate.

AUTOMATIC DEATH

The devices and symbols used in ritual, as well as the specific clothing the Magician might wear or the scented bath that he might take beforehand all signal to both his mind and to his spiritual bodies that he is intently entering a Higher being-state, that he is stepping out of the ordinary into the supernatural. The generally low-frequency vibrations that naturally emanate from him and surround him in an aura thicken and expand, and forge viable connections with the energies around him, which in turn connect to all things and allow him control

over all things inasmuch as he is able to gain and hold control over himself.

As the Sorcerer quickens in his path of Ascent and he begins to unlock his own prodigious powers through ritual and willed manifestation, the energies which flow through him and envelope him begin to radiate at higher frequencies or vibrations. Making Magick and miracle a part of his daily living, his mind and his spiritual bodies begin a process of eliminating the wall that he has built between his Godself and his temporal self, merging the two and uniting the Upper with the lower. The mundane and the extraordinary combine, and his power begins to expand around him and to reach out into the ether, sending his will and his desire into existence to be brought into fruition in reality.

The first instances of instantaneous manifestation of his will come in "sparks": he will find himself dwelling on a subject for which he holds a great amount of desire, and while still in the mental fugue of contemplation, or directly afterwards, he will find his thoughts taking form, usually in their original color and hue. An important note is that this will not occur while he is brooding, while he is in a spiritually negating state, but rather while he visualizes that which could be possible and loses himself in the ecstasy of the thought that he could take hold of his life with a Titan's grasp and could crush all that is unfit, and could make to blossom all that is good. In his deep imagination, he forgets that by the rules and laws of causality that these things are impossible. This often takes a frightening form when his thoughts turn to the destruction or the suffering of another, and moments later he discovers that his thoughts have become reality.

There is an extreme unbalance in the Operator when he begins a new phase of growth or when his travels bring him to a new path or experience. It is as if his spiritual bodies, which were previously in perfect alignment, disalign and struggle to recover their places in the newer, more challenging environment. As his subtle bodies begin to realign, these phenomena become more natural, and their occurrence becomes more constant. This process is one of Ascent, moving from that of the death of the victim before the ritual has taken place to the automatic deaths of those who have aroused your hatred or vengeance. Your power seeps from you and spills into the air around you, carrying in its fumes your intention. The Baneful Powers with which you have

become familiar seem to automatically respond to your surroundings, the dark forces surround you without being called, and harm begins to work upon others in the same instant that you are angered by them.

INSTANT OVERKILL

When utilizing the Operations given in this, the third section of this text, which are the greater Works of Baneful Magick, yet another anomaly is noticed, and is to be taken as a Sign. A ritual is performed to bring about the death of a victim, or of many victims, and the sign that precedes the full success of the Operation is a sudden, unexpected, and complete devastation of the victim's life, usually occurring within twenty-four hours of the performance of the ritual.

I have witnessed this anomaly several times in the course of my occult career, but paid little conscious attention to it, assuming that these effects were merely the beginning of the curse's success. The timeline is what finally brought it to the forefront for me, however. While the span of time between the Operation and its ultimate success, being the death of the victim, may be years, within one day of the curse, the victim's life will quite literally fall to pieces.

The most recent occasion that I have had to observe this was when I found it necessitous to remove an old friend from this existence. I performed the ritual and gave the incantation given in the final chapter of this text for the Conjunction of the Powers of Death, directing the energies and entities summoned towards my enemy. In all fairness, I did not put off of "myself" into the ritual; I did not conduct it with pure intent and absolute resolve. Nevertheless, my victim came to me the next day, as we were in constant contact, and was in complete misery. He had fallen ill in the middle of the night with what seemed to be either pneumonia or bronchitis. The illness lasted about a week, and in the same day that it began to clear, influenza set in. A few days later he came to me in tears, having lost all hope for life. He and his wife had been trying to have a baby, and had finally succeeded. A little over a week before, at about the exact time the curse was spoken, she began to bleed and gradually lost the baby, and due to complications, it had to be removed, resulting in a horrifying experience for both. My victim had lost his closely held faith in God, his love for life, and his hope for the future. After our conversation he turned to drug use to sedate his

depression, which caused him to lose his job days later, having no way to support himself and his recovering wife. His life was devastated from the moment the spell was spoken, falling into a darkness far deeper than the grave. Again, this all came as a sign rather than the full success which was soon to follow.

These are all signs that your powers are reaching critical mass. You no longer are a destroyer of man, but are now capable of becoming the destroyer of worlds. The death of a single person is no longer spectacular; altering the face of the earth is now your goal. Changing the course of empires and realigning the positions of the pieces to pave the way for a new Aeon is your new goal. You are mere steps away from Absolution, from your full Ascent into Godhood.

RAISING ARMIES

*"If man could see what is in the skies,
he would never leave his home."*

This world and the world of spirits exist in close proximity, and in places at times they overlap one another. The entities that exist in this other dimension often cross over to this one, sometimes invited and at other times not welcome at all. Contrary to the beliefs of occult pop culture, especially those fables propagated by fundamental religionists, demons are not bound to the earth until their Day of Judgment, tempting men towards evil. I've never noticed men needing any extra encouragement in wickedness; they seem to have made an art of it. The fact that spirits do manifest themselves in various forms in this plane, however, only validates such superstitions, and the sheer magnitude of supernatural phenomenon in the world could easily lead the unknowing to believe that the entities creating such malignance must always be present on earth, having made their home in the dust and upon the seas.

A Sorcerer may learn methods by which he is able to leave his body in finer, yet equally substantial spiritual bodies, and may travel into realms beyond the physical. The ease with which he is able to cross from one plane to another is astounding, once he is comfortable in his energetic forms. In fact, the most difficult part of spiritual travel is in the assimilation of the experience of existing without a physical body, the "psychic" balancing of that body, and keeping yourself from automatically returning to your body while in flight. It is therefore not difficult to imagine the greater ease in shifting in this type of travel for a being that is already not bound by physical law and is entirely comfortable in its spiritual body.

Ritual calls upon various unseen forces, and as those powers enter the Temple, they often carry with them unseen beings. In Works of Baneful Magick, these entities are always malign, and their hideousness far surpasses the descriptions of demons given in any

grimoire. They come automatically, without being called by name, and they answer the requests of the magician without being commanded. They do evil because they are evil.

A potent Magick is found in the ability to willfully and consciously call upon these entities in great numbers to attack an enemy. Often, the victim will report a sensation of being surrounded by an incorporeal darkness, and in many cases, such a black spiritual envelope can be sensed by others around him. His dreams will turn horrific, and the nighttime will usually begin to frighten him, as well as being alone. Sometimes voices are heard in the darkness, sometimes visions emerge from it of apocalyptic destruction or being revisited by wrongs committed. The malign spirits will surround him and will relentlessly torture the victim, literally to death.

Full evocation to physical manifestation, while one of the most powerful forms of Magick, is not needed in order to summon demonic entities to do your will. As Darkness swells inside the Temple, these spirits gather around the altar and listen to the incantations of the Sorcerer. Although he is largely unaware of their presence, they are nevertheless aware of him. Hidden within the pages of the ancient grimoires, between the pious conjurations in a dead god's name and the sigils of the devils of forgotten civilizations are specific and exact instructions for calling forth the most evil armies in existence.

THE RITUALS

Where Darkness goes, the demons follow. When you are able to control Darkness, or at least align your intention with it, demonic power will also be yours. Filling the Temple thick with evil also fills your Temple wall-to-wall with hideous spirits. Their presence is sensed by the greater awareness, and translated to the mind and emotions as fear. Their intelligence is recognized, and is revered by awe. Their abilities are instinctively known, and are replied to with power.

The number of the Beast is not, as John prophesied, three sixes, but is instead three plus six. Nine is the number of absolute completion, the highest single digit, the Highest state that man can reach while existing in a universe of duality. In the ancient religions of the Egyptians and the Etruscans, nine gods were worshipped, praised, and sacrificed to. In Scandinavian lore there are nine realms of existence, four above

and four below the earth realm. The Mayans also recognized 9 spiritual levels of the underworld, the ninth being a place of ultimate darkness, coldness, and despair. Dante reflected this belief in his work *The Divine Comedy*, stating that hell is composed of nine rings, the ninth and final circle of hell being reserved for the treacherous. Also mirroring the beliefs of the Mayans, Dante's ninth circle of hell is uniquely different than the others, being composed not of fire and flogging, but instead a lake frozen over by the flapping of Lucifer's leathern wings.

In the Hebrew numerological system, the number nine is identified with a serpent as well as the Sephirah Yesod, or the moon, and the ninth plague cast by Moses upon Egypt was that of darkness. Ancient astrologers only recognized nine planetary bodies in our solar system, including the sun. Although in 1930 this number was increased to ten, due to the observation of the "planet" Pluto, it was declassified as a planet in 2006 by the International Astronomical Union, returning the number of the official bodies in our system to nine. The ninth planetary body, Neptune, is related in the Kabbalah to the Sephirah Binah, which represents wisdom of the most Divine nature, the attainment of that which was promised by the Serpent to Eve by her partaking of the forbidden fruit, and is the ultimate end reached for by all occultists and spiritualists. When the powers of this Sephirah are imbalanced, however, wisdom becomes illusion, delusion, drunkenness, and insanity. The ninth planet is either enlightenment and spiritual purification or complete psychological and spiritual darkness. Nine is completion, the all-or-nothing, not the beginning (1) nor the balance (0), but the end (9).

Arrange nine black candles in your Temple in the configuration of a circle, the diameter of which stretches nine feet. Clear the floor to allow you to sit with legs crossed or to kneel facing the south in the center of the circle of candles. Have ready a bag filled with burnt asafetida powder, sulfur powder, or magnesium powder. Also bring into the Temple some sort of fetish link to your victim, which should be placed within the circle.

Begin the ritual with simple meditation, clearing your mind and your inner awareness of all distractions and unbalance. Sit outside of the circle of candles and lightly close your eyes, allowing your attention to drift inwards. Inhale deeply and hold the breath, feeling

the air drifting inside of you. With your lungs full, consciously try to relax your muscles, beginning with your shoulders and neck, down your back, into your arms and legs, and finally your facial muscles. This will produce the sensation, due to holding your breath, of an inability to completely release your muscular tension. Exhale in a slow and controlled manner, feeling the tension flood from you, and feeling your muscles soften and relax. Repeat this relaxation process, your body and your mind loosening with each repetition. At this point, do not focus on your victim, on its success, or on the ritual at all, but simply become lost in your breathing and your relaxation.

When you have achieved a detached state of relaxation, take into hand the bag of powder, stand at the south of the Temple, outside of the circle of candles. Beginning at the southernmost part of the circle, reach into the bag, grabbing a handful of powder, and begin slowly walking counterclockwise around the circle, sprinkling the powder on the ground, both within and without the circle. Feel the powder burning the ground as it falls, heating the Temple floor, sizzling as it sears the dust, concrete, or wood like acid. Notice the temperature rising in the room as you do this, your body becoming flushed as you continue the circumambulations. Complete eight circles around the Temple, and on the eighth lay the empty or partially emptied bag on the floor, and retrieve matches, a lighting stick, or cigarette lighter. Step inside of the circle of candles, and making one final movement around the circle, light each candle as you pass it.

Sit or kneel in the center of the circle, facing south, and turn your attention momentarily to your breathing, refocusing yourself. Stretch out your right hand over the fetish item representing or belonging to your victim and, through it, gain a connectedness to him. Feel the energy of your being connecting with the object, also sensing the energy of your victim rising up from it. As you do this, give rise not to the deeper emotions which have brought you into ritual, but instead to the surface emotions which will fuel it. Connect to your rage, your hatred, your murderous lust. Let it overwhelm you until your muscles tighten and knot up and your limbs shake with anger. Feel these emotions spilling from your pores into the Temple around you, floating as if they form clouds at eye level in the air around you. Lower your hand to your lap or to your side and allow your emotions to plateau.

Having created an energetic atmosphere in the Temple, imbue

it with the needed evil by turning your focus and your internal vision to your enemy. Imagine clearly a scenario in which you murder your victim. This is not the same type of visualization that you have done in the past, where you imagine a coincidental death in which you are not physically connected, but instead is a strong fantasy of murdering your victim yourself, beating him to death with your hands, bludgeoning him with some object, stabbing him, or in some other way killing him through direct contact. It is important to not simply imagine this as in a daydream, but to focus on it as a contemplation, to see it occurring in your mind as if it is a memory that you are reliving, as if it is as real and tangible as if you were killing him in that moment. As you imagine this, feel these visualizations not lingering in your mind, but being pushed through your into your environment. This will be registered by a sensation of pressure and flowing through your third eye, in the center of your forehead.

The cloud of hatred and the invisible steam of the powder on the ground catches these thoughts, catches your intention, and activates your environment, signaling to the universe to react to your will. Now the demons will begin to gather. Sense the energy and the powerful presence in the room automatically multiplying; feel the evil becoming more tangible even without your conscious and willed control. Feel the environment acting on its own to bring you darkness. Recognize that you are surrounded by wicked spirits, and that they listen, waiting for your command.

Taking the fetish item in both hands, the object resting on your palms, lift it in front of you to eye-level, as if it is a sacrificial offering to the spirits. Give your command with absolute intention, not only speaking the words, but pushing them from you like a demon within being pushed into the world. "I give you (victim's name), to immolate with your vengeance. Take this object, which once was his, and find him. Find him and kill him. Find him and kill him." The spirits will immediately move at this command, and at the words, "kill him," they will fly into action. Continue to repeat it, "Kill him," again and again, feeling the weight within the room departing, the thickness of the energy leaving, not dissipating but charging towards your enemy. The words should also exhaust you as you speak them, your hatred leaving with the demons, your anger spilling from you.

Once the room is again empty of spirits and you are empty of

emotion, collect yourself and state, "Spirits of Darkness, Workers of evil, find (victim's name) and kill him. So it is done."

The potency of the use of sigils has already been established in this text, and does not require redundant reiteration. One spirit called forth by one sigil can kill, devastate, harm, torture, or otherwise invoke bane in the life of the victim. An initiated understanding that is often lost to the Neophyte, however, is that each of these spirits command several other spirits; some of them are in command of a few subordinate spirits while others command literal legions. When the Operator ritually opens a sigil and uses it to call upon the presence and the power of the spirit that is linked to the sigil, the spirit then enlists the aide of its familiars to achieve the stated goal. The spirit summoned may also, at the Sorcerer's request or command, attach or leave some of its subordinate spirits with the Operator, to aide, protect, and empower him in his daily life.

In Summoning any spirit, whether through evocation to visible or physical manifestation, or through simple sigil consecration and opening, entire armies are indirectly called into action. In this ritual, however, several sigils will be opened and several spirits will be called to bring about the destruction of your enemy, each calling to war its own particular army of subordinate spirits. The number of sigils is nine, as is the number of spirits called. The number of familiars that will be called in this specific Operation is 1,712 legions or anywhere between 3,424,000 and 10,272,000, depending on how the size of a legion is calculated. There are few armies on this earth, united under the command of one person and joining for a single purpose, that are so great.

The sigils of the spirits and demons given below are laid on the Temple floor in a circle, and are consecrated and opened individually, one after the other, in a counter-clockwise manner. The correct positioning of the sigils is imperative, as each one builds upon the sigil before it, and brings about an energy and presence conducive to the sigil after it, and as the sigils and their powers are placed around the circle in a manner that would allow the circle to remain metaphysically balanced throughout. Many of the classical grimoires use a military and political ranking structure when defining the demonic or spiritual hierarchy. Following this trend, the explanations

for the choice of spirits as well as their placement around the circle are given in modern military terminology.

The Goetic Kings Paimon and Belial stand as the Two Principle Heads of the Operation, binding the remaining spirits together for one cause and ensuring that the end result is reached. They are, in effect, the commanders of the whole Operation. Their sigils are placed in the south, adjacent to one another, each equally distanced from the exact point of true south. King Paimon and King Belial were chosen for these positions due to their common reign in the demonic and Goetic realms. Both command many legions of spirits, and can also subjugate most other entities in existence. They both have also demonstrated the remarkable ability to manipulate people to extreme degrees.

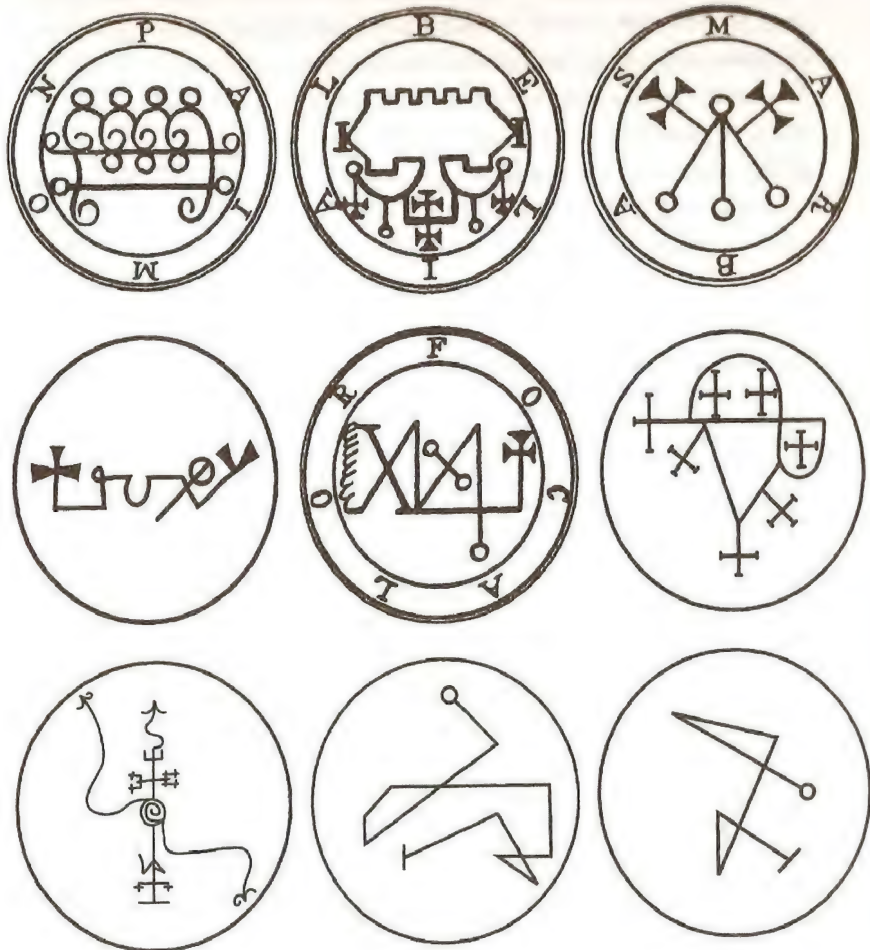
Focalor and Guland stand in the direct east and west of the Temple as the Base Commanders of the Operation, being the primary tactical officers of the Working, guiding the whole movement towards the desired end. Guland is expert in causing illness and disease, often causing the victim's own organs to turn against him with infection or cancer. Focalor has the power of slaying men, and as the Goetia explains, "... to overthrow Ships of War, for he had Power over both Winds and Seas."² Initially, this may seem entirely useless to the Magician, unless his victim happens to serve in the Navy or frequents cruise ships. Although most grimoires list the literal and actual powers of the spirits that they contain, the authors have always found it necessary to limit their explanations of the abilities of the spirits to the basics, and in conversation with the spirits themselves, they will explain the fullness of their abilities if they are asked. Focalor is able to "overthrow" any obstacle that prevents the Operator from ending his victim's life through Magick, and is especially capable of causing airplane, automobile, and motorcycle accidents. Guland and Focalor, working together to guide the outcome of the Operation, will ensure that the victim is attacked both internally, by his own body, and externally, by his environment which is, by its very nature, dangerous.

The demons Marbas, Keltar, Heptomaltor, and Pazuzu stand at the southwest, southeast, northwest, and northeast of the Temple as the Field Officers of the Operation. They are the prime movers of the Magick, the spirits who rally together their armies to attack the enemy. Marbas is able to cure any disease or physical malady, and he can just as quickly cause the same. Keltar is the Demon of Slaughter, and is

expert in every method of murder. Although it is said that he prefers to slay by fire, this usually takes the form of hemorrhaging and severe infection of the organs and glands. Heptomaltor is the Demon of Torture. He resides in the Underworld, torturing the damned that have died, but can be called out of Hades upon the earth to do the same to the living. Pazuzu is the ancient demon of the southwest winds, the bringer of disease and famine. His breath can demolish entire civilizations with pestilence, or can cover a single person with malady.

At the northern most region of the circle stands the angel Samael, the venom of god, the true bringer of wrath, he who destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah with fire and brimstone, who turned Lot's wife to a pillar of salt, who shook the Tower of Babel to the ground, who blackened the skies at the death of Christ, and who commands the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse and the seven angels with vials full of plagues. In this Operation, Samael becomes the balance, the stabilizing support of the whole Working. Being the Master of destruction, he ensures that all things are aligned and are in harmony for the achievement of the final goal. His direct influence in the actual Operation is secondary, his powers flooding to the other spirits, allowing them to feed from it. He adheres each of the spirits to the others, and the whole of them to the goal.

Lay the sigils in their places in a Circle around you, nine feet in diameter. Because of the nocturnal nature of this type of ritual, you might wish to set a candle or an oil lamp by each sigil, on the outside of the circle. In this ritual, you will kneel rather than sit in the center of the circle of sigils, facing south, your line of vision running directly between the sigils of Paimon and Belial. The ritual itself begins like all others, with simple meditation and centering through Pranayama, or control of breath. Breathe in, gathering your body's tension in your chest, and release that tension as you breathe out. As you breathe and relax your mind, allow impressions of the energies surrounding you to come to you. You may even catch a clairvoyant glimpse of the spirits standing in their places. The moment that their sigils were set in place and your energy began to rise from states of normalcy into states of supremacy, the demons started stirring.



*Sigils of Paimon, Belial, Marbas, Sammael, Focalor, Guland,
Pazuzu, Heptamaltor and Keltar*

Open your eyes, making conscious effort not to look at any of the sigils, but instead gaze straight ahead, at the Temple wall. Call out, "Demons of destruction, spirits of bane, angels of disease, I call you here into this Temple to murder."

Let your vision move towards the first sigil, that of Belial. Holding your right hand, palm down, over the sigil, feel your will to power and your intent to murder flowing through your body, out of your hand, and into the paper. Gaze into the sigil and open it, in the manner given in the eighth chapter of this text. Once the first sigil, the sigil of Belial, is open and that demon's powers seat themselves in your Temple, welcome Belial. "Great King Belial, who was created first after Lucifer, welcome to this Temple and to this world, to reign here as you reign in Hell."

Turn your body so that you are facing the sigil of Paimon, and open it in the same manner. Call out to Paimon, "Mighty King Paimon, whose throne is seated next to Lucifer's, make this Temple now your throne, and make this earth your kingdom."

Turn to face the sigil of Marbas, and open it likewise. Call to him, "Marbas, demon of illness and disease, come now into this Temple to bring illness to (victim's name)."

Open the sigil of Focalor and call, "Mighty Duke Focalor, come now and take hold of the unseen tides that drown this world. Come now and overthrow the life, health, and safety of (victim's name). Come now and toss (victim's name) upon the jagged rocks."

Open the sigil of Keltar and call out, "Keltar, demon of the Third Kingdom of Night, demon of slaughter, come now and slaughter (victim's name)."

Pass over the sigil of Sammael and open the sigil of Heptomaltor, calling out when it is open, "Heptomaltor, beloved of the Grand Demon Terratur, rise up from the Underworld, rise up from your field of torture and bring your tools of misery to earth, to serve me in the anguish of (victim's name)."

Open the sigil of Guland and call out, "Guland, come now to infect (victim's name) with your awful disease. Swell his tongue in his mouth, swell his liver and make him choke on bile."

Open the sigil of Pazuzu and call out, "Ancient Pazuzu, demon of the southwest winds, sweep this earth with your pestilence, bring famine to this land, move your scorching winds to the home of (victim's name)."

name), that he will suffer and that he will die."

Return to the north position and open the sigil of Sammael. Call out to him, "Sammael, angel of death, angel of destruction, Venom of God, call down from the heavens darkness and death. Summon forth a plague upon the house of (victim's name), that he will die. Escort his body into the grave, and escort his soul into hell."

The same visualization is to be held with the charging of each of the sigils, which is the death of your victim. Do not see in your mind your victim suffering and dying, but instead see him dead. Feel the emotion that you would have were he dead. Sense the world without his presence. See his family grieving his death. See the end from the beginning.

Having consecrated and opened all of the sigils, and having addressed the spirits of each, return to your original place, facing south. With your scrying vision still open, which was active for the opening of the sigils, look about the Temple and see the spirits crowded therein. Feel the suffocating presence of the unseen armies, and hear the silence as they wait for your final command.

Do not allow yourself to give way to humility. Do not allow fear to plant its seed in you. Do not doubt your power, or every spirit's recognition of that power, or the whole of this Working will turn against you in that moment. Instead, stand and boldly announce: "Demons of destruction, spirits of bane, angels of disease, I call you here into this Temple to murder." Looking at the glowing sigils, slowly turn in your place, counterclockwise, and see them all, completing a full circle before continuing. "Seek out (victim's name), and kill him." Allow the gravity of this command to sit with you, to impress itself upon you. No other words are needed but, "Kill him. It is done."

Similar Operations can be devised, using Magick Squares, talismans, or any aligned symbols of death. While the majority of the victims that you might mark for death will be brought to their fate by much simpler means, this type of curse is especially effective in bringing about the death of a resilient enemy – of one who has escaped the grasp of your left hand. It can also be used to end the life of another Sorcerer who is armed with similar powers and who possesses the knowledge of Baneful Magick, yet who makes himself your adversary, and raises you up as Nemesis.

A great power is unlocked in the use of Barbarous Words and Incantations. Despite the claims of the supposed masters of modern Magick, the power of the words is not in their cacophony, nor in the Magician's ignorance of their meanings, but is instead in the words themselves, in their meanings, and in the aural vibrations created at their speaking. Like a prima donna holding the perfect note until crystal glasses shatter, the vibrations of incantations shatter the hold of physics and causality upon reality, turning over their operations to the Sorcerer.

In the late 1500's, a well-respected British scholar, scientist, alchemist, and occultist, Doctor John Dee, crossed paths with Edward Kelly, who, although being a criminal and swindler, also possessed a remarkable ability to see, hear, and communicate with spirits. Coming together, the duo began spirit communications, mainly angelic in nature. In the course of these communications, a system of spiritual attainment, Magick, and Higher Alchemy began to unfold. The angels revealed a language to Kelly and Dee that they claimed was the language of the angels, and more importantly, was the language of God. This angelic tongue was said to be that which was spoken to cause the universe to form, the planets to grow and assume their places, and to cause the world to blossom and to bring forth life. The angels informed Dr. Dee and Edward Kelly that this sacred language was given to Adam, but was eventually lost, the prophet Enoch being the last to ever possess an understanding of it.

Dee and Kelly's experiments soon became an obsession to uncover this language, and their whole work moved towards the documentation and translation of the angelic or Enochian language. Perhaps the greatest Magickal achievement made by these two men was receiving the revelation of what is referred to as the Enochian or Angelic "Keys." Nineteen of these Keys are used to invoke angels and angelic powers for specific purposes, most of which are related to an initiation process, both on an individual level and on an Aeonic level, some serving to destroy that which is and others serving to create that which could be, first spiritually, and then temporally. The Enochian Keys, when spoken, invoke automatic powers which then act independently of the Operator, creating a whirlwind of change in his life and in his world. As such, the Keys are regarded as highly dangerous and "unstable." In actuality, the Keys themselves epitomize stability,

being the cornerstones of the cycle of creation and destruction and Aeonic shift. It is the individual that is unstable, unable to adapt to the coming of a new Age, and uncertain of the power that he invokes.

The spectrum holds darker hues as well. Both the academic study and the initiated application of demonolatry through the ages has revealed a phenomenon remarkably similar to that of Enochian and the Angelic Keys. At about the same time that Dr. Dee and Edward Kelly began their experiments with angelic communication, a demonolater named Alexander Willits recorded having been given pieces of a demonic language by the demons with which he Worked. He received, above all else, demonic "Enns," which were short incantations in this demonic tongue, designed to invoke the power and presence of specific demons. Mr. Willits, however, possessed something that Dr. Dee did not: objective verification. Demonic Enns have been discovered in the unpublished journals of several other occultists for the past few hundred years. All of the recorded Enns matched rather well, the only variance being changes in spelling, and even those differences left the versions homonymous. As Willits' own Enns surfaced into public knowledge only recently, and as the various other journals were found in largely separated parts of Europe, and as they seemed to be more of an occult rarity than a fancy, it is axiomatic that these Enns did not come from a single human source or from some roaming folklore.

The Enns, Keys, and incantations that I have personally collected, through texts, through teachers, and even through spirits, demons, and Gods, I have scattered throughout this entire text, sprinkling the rituals with powerful words and showering these Works with forceful potency. That which I have given, however, have been samples, a few words which will empower. That which I give here is complete. The following keys, when spoken aloud with intent, will send a tremor into the heavens which will be answered by thunder, and your enemies will fall before you.

Each of the incantations which follow are to be used after brief meditation and psychological centering, and with full intent to kill through their invocation. A good number of modern Magickal systems include Keys or Enns at the end of a full ritual, being a type of anticlimax or closing for the ritual. These incantations are the ritual. They can be spoken within a Temple before an altar surrounded by candles, or at a

restaurant table. Despite the setting, however, the incantation must be spoken slowly and precisely, while the Powers of Darkness flow through you and carry your will towards your victim. Translations are given, where available, only for comparison. All incantations must be spoken in the alien tongue in which they were given by the supernatural entities to the Sorcerers.

KEYS TO DEATH AND HELL

The Tenth Enochian Key

Angelic: Coraxo cahisa coremepe, od belanusa Lucala azodia-zodore paebe Soba iisononu cahisa uirequo OPE copehanu od racalire maasi bajile caosagi; das yalaponu dosiji od basajime; od ox ex dazodisa siatarisa od salaberoxa cynuxire faboanu. Vaunala cahisa conusata das DAOX cocasa ol Oanio yore vohima ol jizodyzoda od coresa cocasaji pelosi molui das pajeipe, laraji same darolanu matorebe cocasaji emena. El pataralaxa yolaci matabe nomiji mononusa olora jinayo anujelareda. Ohyo! ohyo! ohyo! ohyo! ohyo! ohyo! noibe Ohyo! caosagonu! Bajile madarida i zodiropo cahiso darisapa! NIISO! caripe ipe nidali!

English: The Thunders of Judgement and Wrath are numbered and are harbored in the North in the likeness of an oak, whose branches are nests 22 of lamentation and weeping laid up for the earth. Which burn night and day, and vomit out the heads of scorpions and live sulphur mingled with poison. These are the thunders which 5,678 times in the 24th part of a moment roar with an hundred mighty earthquakes and a thousand times as many surges. Which rest not, neither know any echoing time here. One rock brings forth a thousand, even as the heart of man does his thoughts: Woe, woe, woe, woe, woe, woe, yeah woe to the earth. For Her iniquity is, was, and shall be great! Come away! But not your noises!

The Twelfth Enochian Key

Angelic: Nonuci dasonuf Babaje od cahisa OB hubaio ibihipe: atalare ataraahe od ef! Darix fafenu MIANU ar Enayo ovof! Soba dooainu aai i

VONUPEHE. Zodacare, gohusa, od Zodameranu. Odo cicale Qaa!
Zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco Mada, hoathahe I A I D A!

English: Oh you which reign in the south and are 28, the lanterns of sorrow, bind up your girdles and visit us! Bring down your train 3663, that the Lord may be magnified whose name among you is wrath! Move, I say, and appear! Open the mysteries of your creation. Be friendly to me, for I am the Minister of God, the True Worshipper of the Highest!

The Fourteenth Enochian Key

Angelic: Noroni bajihie pasahasa Oiada! das tarinuta mireca OL tahila dodasa tolahame caosago Homida: das berinu orocahe QUARE: Micama! Bial' Oiad; aisaro toxa das ivame aai Balatima. Zodacare od Zodameranu! Odo cicale Qaa! Zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco Mada, hoathahe IAIDA.

English: Oh you Sons of Fury and the Daughters of the Just, which sit upon 24 seats, vexing all living creatures of the earth with age, which have under you 1,636; Behold the Voice of God, the promise of Him which is called among you Fury, or Extreme Justice! Move and appear! Open the mysteries of your creation! Be friendly unto me, for I am the Minister of God, the True Worshipper of the Highest.

DESTRUCTIVE ENNS

One of the major differences between demonic Enns and Angelic Keys is in the application. The keys are spoken once aloud, and the environment instantly begins to shift in alignment to the command that was given. The Enns, however, are most potent when they are repeated, chanted over and over, the invisible armies building within the Temple one-by-one, until it is filled and the Sorcerer is ready to give his command.

The following incantation combines four different Enns, each one summoning into the Temple an archfiend of destruction, each of these four bringing with it an army of demons to bring about vengeance.

Mesphito ramec viasa on ca - Ayer Serpente Sonnillion -Denyen valocur avage secore Amducious - Desa on Svengali ayer.

NIDSTANG

Baneful Magick is not restricted to the classification of Black Magick, but can as easily be considered Red Magick, Martian Magick, or the Magick of war. Although the modern concept of curses is largely restricted to harming another person through occult powers, historically, these arts have been used more often by priests and wizards serving a nation to conquer enemy countries. Ancient Sorcerers Worked their curses to bring pestilence to a distant land, to bring floods to their warring neighbors, or to cause famine and draught throughout an entire nation. Today, these things seem to be more miracle than Magick.

Two great influences inspired this change in the collective consciousness of mankind. The first is that during the Dark Ages, knowledge of Magick was no longer available, along with most other forms of knowledge. When the written information began to resurface, a good deal of the magnitude of the Arts was faded, possibly as a conscious effort by the translators and revivers to downplay the power of the occult. Along with this, as the western world has moved towards intellectual enlightenment, personal development, and self-actualization, the individual became more important than the collective body of people. Wars raged, as they always have and always will, but involvement in them was no longer a matter of life, but instead became a personal choice, a matter of ego, pride, or fear. As the attention moved farther inwards, the scope of human potential began to shrink, at least in relation to Magick and spirituality. More people dabbled, and less people reigned. It is as if the collective consciousness needed to regress in order to relearn the basics, having spent centuries disconnected from the power that had been gained over millennia.

As we collectively move forward, as we gradually embrace the godlike powers that we have cultivated from our most ancient days, the knowledge of the past begins to materialize for us, manifested by our desire for more. Texts which have been lost for centuries resurface, those who dare to delve deep enough into their intuition discover fountains of knowledge, and the spiritual forces and entities which have

guarded and guided the human race since its beginning begin to speak once more. While there are those who prefer to believe that this is a Divine quickening of the earth's state, or a preparation for the return or reincarnation of some Bodhisattva, not all of the knowledge that has resurfaced concerns transcendent meditation and altruistic world-healing.

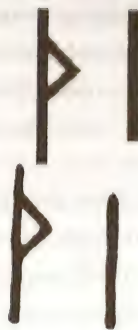
The secrets of Baneful Magick have also unearthed themselves, bringing with them the methods of Magickal warfare.

THE HORSE'S HEAD

The Vikings have gone down in history not as being great statesmen or philosophers, but as being great warlords. Their lives, their beliefs, their myths, their gods, and their Magick reflected this. While historians have uncovered Norse charms for fertility, for good hunting, and various other mundane purposes, one of the most prolific rituals recorded in Norse history is the Nidstang.

Although the curse of the Nidstang has appeared in several runic carvings, depicted in illustrated engravings, and passed on as a matter of tradition, the ritual was immortalized by the Icelandic historian Snorri Sturluson in his work Egill's Saga, which tells of the Icelandic poet, warrior, and Sorcerer Egill Skallagrimsson. The saga begins by recounting Egill's superhuman intelligence, strength, cruelty, and power, drawing unspoken parallels to the myths of Hercules, Jesus, and many other demigod figures throughout time. Egill, a natural poet, composed his first poem at the age of three, which demonstrated not only remarkable language skill as well as the motor function needed to write, but an extraordinary vocabulary and understanding of the daily operations of life. At the age of seven, Egill is said to have been playing a well-known game with a group of his peers when he discovered that they are cheating at the rules of the game. Angered, but focused, Egill went home, found an axe, and returned to split the cheater's head open to the jaw with it, illustrating not only Herculean strength, but rage usually reserved only for the gods. The fables continue through the first part of the saga, alluding to the not-quite-human nature of the antihero.

The saga finally begins to match up with the known history of

*Thorn and Isa runes*

which he did without flaw. As Egill fled from Norway, he beheaded a horse and stuck the beast's severed head on a pole. Facing the horse's eyes towards the land of his enemies, he pronounced the formal words of the curse, and commanded, "I declare this Nid (curse) at the land-spirits there, and the land itself, so that all will fare astray, not to hold nor find their places, not until they wreak King Eric and Gunnhild from the land."¹

*Tyr rune*

It is historically known that Eric Bloodaxe was, following this curse, ousted from his throne by his brother, Haaken, and he and Gunnhild left Norway together. Eric raised small armies and attempted to take back Norway, but to no avail; the land would no longer have him. Being adept at the art of war, Eric found temporary favor in England, where he helped the Nordic invaders there defend their captured land, but it seemed that he could not hold power anywhere he went, moving from one outpost to another, and finally being executed by an Earl who had once supported him.

The Nidstang, or "cursing pole," is a nine foot long pole upon which the severed head of a horse is placed, its eyes facing towards the land, business, city, or household you wish to curse. The leaders of those lands, or prominent people within them can be cursed in the same manner. The power of the Nidstang is in rousing the spirits of the earth, or der Erdgeisten, to anger - stirring up the very earth itself

against its inhabitants. This initially summons images of earthquakes, volcanoes, hurricanes, and other "worldly" disasters, combining natural forces against a single person. While the Powers of Bane are not limited in their ability to apply this type of influence, results from this type of Operation will usually take a more "natural" form, by illness, suicide, a jealous lover, or a hungry criminal.

Runes are also carved in the stake which both raise the necessary powers from the underworld into the stake and through the horse's head, and direct them to the appropriate victims. Traditionally, three Thorn runes, representing the Norse god Thor, and three Isa runes, representing death, coldness, and blockage, are carved in the base of the stake, just above its burial point in the earth. Some have featured the rune of Teiwaz, representing the God of war and vindication for the just, the point of the rune aiming upwards in the direction of the horse's head. The names of the victims are also carved in the center of the pole, as well as their offenses, as well as the specifics of their deaths, if discretion is desired.

The mythology states that by burying the pole, you are connecting the underworld, Hel, and its ruler, the dark goddess by the same name. In beheading a horse, a living symbol of the earth, and desecrating the animal by staking its head to this pole, you are automatically angering the spirits of the earth. The pole, as well as the underworld energies coursing through it, direct the anger of this desecration not at the Sorcerer, who has committed the evil, but at his enemies.

The greatest difference between this type of Baneful Magick and others is that it possesses such greater potential than a simple curse: it allows the Sorcerer to place a hex on masses of people at once. The drawback to using it is that the Operator must already be adept at the art of killing through Magick; he must be able to command legions of spirits and to raise dark currents through his being and direct it towards his enemy with potency. He must be able to stake the head in the ground and summon the powers of the underworld to his aide without a full ritual.

With the recent attempt to revive the Norse mythos and Magick in a usable occult format, and with the advent of the internet which makes this possible, several Asatru and Germanic neopagan groups and followers have erected "virtual Nistangs" against adherents of Black

Magick and national socialists who misuse the ancient Norse symbols. There are also virtual Nidstangs which have been displayed on web pages claiming to hex the entire Judeo-Christian world, as well as any other Magian or religious group which stands against a particular belief system or spiritual practice. In fact, searching for information on the Nidstang on most internet search engines produces more results related to "virtual Nidstangs" than page devoted to the actual, physical practice.

These are useless. The curse of the Nidstang is a ritual, it is a specific Magick and Operation which cannot be changed lest the final result change as well. X multiplied by Y does not produce the same effect as X minus Y , no matter how much a person believes that it will,

THE BLACK LORD

In gathering this knowledge, learning these rituals, in using this Magick again and again, one great Operation has begun to be performed: the Operation of Ascent. The Magician learns the secrets of the powers of the Gods by first learning to control his thoughts, his desires, and his impulses, channeling them in ritual rather than allowing them to control him. Through the ritualization process, he also learns that he is able to control his immediate environment, and as this knowledge is assimilated, he wonders what else he might be able to exert power over. He begins to reach into the lives of others, into spheres beyond his own, to manipulate the lives of strangers, to tinker with outcomes which may have no direct effect on his own life, simply to see if he is able. And he is.

All of the power that the Sorcerer seeks, he already holds. The Operation of Ascent, then, only shows him where he is at and directs him towards his next step in uncovering more of his latent abilities. He then stretches his hand out into distant lands and foreign affairs, toppling empires and raising new kings up to rule in his stead. He begins to realize that he is not the body which he inhabits, that he is not one of those which he manipulates through Sorcery with such ease, but that he is something else, something beyond – that he is playing the role of a passer-by in life, while he instructs himself in the method of becoming a God.

He is not born with a different soul than others, nor is he at some point in his physical development possessed by an alien intelligence which allows him the power to do these things. The whole of the human race could have this power, if only they believed that they could, if only they stepped outside of fear and doubt and took these Works into their hands and began to realize their destiny. The Sorcerer is also not born without fear. He knows a fear that is possibly deeper and more ancient than others. His need to know and his need to Become, however, outweigh his need for safety.

It is often said of the Black Magician that he is obsessed with

power. This is only one of the first manifestations of his real obsession, which is for knowledge. He already possesses power in amounts greater than his imagination will allow him to see, ergo his knowledge of his power is lacking. He can sense deep within himself that it is there, but he needs to know. He needs to test the limits of his power, only to discover that there are none.

It is also said of the Black Magician that something must be missing from his life for him to seek out such forbidden rites and forsaken powers. The abscess in his soul is not unique to him; it is shared by all mankind. He has only dared to confess his longing for wholeness. He realizes that something is very wrong in himself, that something is missing indeed, and he searches for that something, he searches for his home, and he knows that it is not here among the dying.

In his search for this missing something, he begins to unveil a world that surrounds this one, that overlaps our physical reality, but that goes undetected by the majority of the human population. This is a world of energy, of invisible yet brilliant currents, of angels, demons, spirits, embodied intelligences, and gods of both darkness and light. He also begins to gain the knowledge that he is not a mere observer of this new world, but that he is as much a part of it as he is a part of the world that hosts his body of flesh. He begins to understand that just as he can use the laws of physics to his advantage in the physical world, that this other world is ruled by another set of laws, and that he can use these laws to his advantage as well. He also learns that the laws governing the invisible realms are as obvious as those governing the physical, and that they are learned there just as they are here: by trying to break them. He sets a course for the impossible, and he tries every route to get there, discovering in the process those methods which work and those that don't. With every success, however, he uncovers new layers of this multidimensional existence, new realms with new rules and with fewer limitations.

As he Ascends through these layers of reality, the Sorcerer realizes that his power surpasses those entities which he once summoned to his aide, and that his knowledge is greater than the gods which he once revered. He understands that he is the Black Lord, and that all that he desires is his.

This stage of spiritual development leaves the Magician at a unique crossroads, where ritual is a pretty thing of the past, but where

he does not know how to move farther. Ascent is not a journey to a place of absolution, but is an eternal movement upwards, a constant state of growth and unfolding. The journey itself is the absolution. He is then faced with the task of discovering new methods by which he can further unlock his potential, new Operations which will allow him access to the laws of this Higher Plane and state of being.

As these new rituals are put into practice, the Sorcerer sees that they are less intricate and detailed and are instead more intuitive and flow more naturally from his being. He also notices that they are more effective in achieving their ends than any that he has used before. In the context of Baneful Magick, he begins to see that he is indeed the Destroyer of Worlds and the Black Lord, and that if his hand were so moved, it could blacken the sun.

CONJURATION OF THE POWERS OF DEATH

I initially began using the following conjuration in conjunction with ritual, as a closing statement of intent. As the need for full ritual in my Workings began to fade, however, the conjuration began to take on more life and power than it ever had. In using it alone, simply calling the conjuration with purpose, I found my own ability to use Baneful Magick in its pure form, not tainted with implements and ceremony, blossoming. Rather than waiting weeks for the results of a curse to begin manifesting, the Magick seemed to work itself instantly. Verification of success was usually shown to me within hours of the Operation; the longest wait that I've experienced with this conjuration was forty-eight hours.

The Conjuration of the Powers of Death relies on the Sorcerer's ability to instantly summon various forces and entities through the application of pure will. In other words, he must be adept at conjuring the Powers of Darkness in ritual, to the point that not even words are needed to do so, and he possesses the ability to recognize the presence of those powers and their exact responses to the ritual and its devices.

In order to call the entities and energies summoned in this conjuration, the Sorcerer needs to become familiar with them, intellectually and personally. Information is available at this time in our history in greater amounts and more richness than ever before. Read, study, and meditate upon the attributes and personality of the

entities, and as you do so, sense their minor energetic currents flowing around you, the Gods themselves aware of your desire to call them. Each will possess a unique energy "signature" — a different feeling about them, a spiritual presence which is undeniably theirs. Once you have locked on to the energy signatures of each entity to be called, and are confident in your ability to recall that and to use it to tether them in, you are ready to begin the ritual.

Find a quiet, dark space. If you prefer to give the Conjunction inside of your Temple, you may, although at this point in your Magical progress, it will not be necessary. Sit or kneel and clear your being of psychic static. Move your attention to your breathing, and feel with each breath your energy building, the currents of power flowing through you, cresting and ready to overflow.

Allow the emotions that have brought you into ritual to rise up within you and begin to flow from you towards your victim. No intense preliminary visualizations of your victim's death are needed here, as the Powers of Death that you will summon will be directed as they will.

When you are ready, recite the first part of the conjuration.

"I, (your name) am filled with wrath and vengeance towards (victim's name), my enemy."

Visualize your enemy clearly, feeling a psychic proximity to him which could easily be confused with being in his presence. Continue with the conjuration.

"I open the mouth of Set and summon forth the Sebau Fiends to work evil on the body of (victim's name)."

Automatically invoke the presence of Set, and sense the Sebau Fiends crawling near to you.

"I fling open the Gate of Geburah and command Nergal to send forth his armies to assail (victim's name) day and night until (victim's name) is destroyed."

Sense the Geburah Gate opening above you, and the presence of Nergal flowing down from it, surrounding you and arming you with power.

"I order the Gates of Hell to be opened and for Satan, Belial, Magot and all the demons of the Pit to be unleashed upon (victim's name), to torment him/her with pestilence and feebleness."

Sense a fiery pit opening up beneath you, and the three great

demons being spat up through that gateway. These three will manifest more noticeably than the others which are called, as they are demonic entities which can be evoked to physical materialization, and are ready to serve in the name of evil.

"I call upon Sammael and his angelic legions to poison the soul of (victim's name), that all good things will turn against him; that his joy will turn to sorrow and his life will turn to death."

Sense Sammael descending, black wings darkening the earth as he comes, bringing righteous indignation to the world.

"I invoke the full wrath of the Nidstang, and rouse der Erdgeisten against (victim's name), that the earth will devour him/her and the sky will collapse upon (victim's name)."

Sense the earth spirits rumbling in answer to your call.

"I, (your name), summon the Sebau Fiends, the Armies of Nergal, the Demons and Denizens of Hell, the Angels of Pestilence, and der Erdgeisen to rise up against (victim's name), to plague his body, mind and spirit, to deliver his body into the grave and his soul into Outer Darkness. Go now, and do not rest until (victim's name) is dead. Such is my command, Eternal."

MURDEROUS INTENT

As rituals have been performed, as curses have been cast, as you have taken the world into your hands, you have learned that intention or will is the secret to accessing the power of your own godhood. The ceremony of Magickal ritual serves the purpose of allowing you to focus your intention wholly upon one thing, and to call energies and beings to aid you in achieving your goals. This can all be done without ritual, however, simply by lifting your Being State into its place of power and by moving the fullness of your will towards one goal.

One method that you may use to reach the point of doing away with ritual and allowing your pure will to flow into the world unrestrained is through the creation of a spiritual construct called an "Astral Temple."¹ Astral Magick is performed entirely in the energetic realms, utilizing pure visualization techniques and immersion of the self into that which is visualized.

Sit in a quiet, dark room in a comfortable chair, allowing your feet to rest against the floor and your arms to lie along the armrests.

Close your eyes and begin to control your breathing, turning all of your attention to the air slowly moving into your body and even more slowly leaving it, cleansing you of worry and anticipation. Feel your consciousness sinking deeper into yourself with each breath, burrowing into the forgotten recesses of your psyche. This process will lead you into a state called gnosis, which is freedom from the conscious mind and its restrictions. The state of gnosis will cause you to feel as if you are more unconscious than conscious, although you still retain affective control over your own actions and reactions. Gnosis is often entered into during deep hypnosis and meditation, hypnogogic sleep, prolonged sexual activity and orgasm, and ritual Magick.

In this gnostic trance, imagine that you are standing in an empty field. It is common to want to view yourself externally, in third-person, but this urge must be resisted; you must view the scene from your own eyes. This identifies a great separation between that which is imagined and that which is experienced.

Allow the field before you to assume any form it may, whether it is covered in green grass or golden wheat, if it is a sage littered desert, a large forest clearing, or any other natural design. In the middle of this field, decide what your ideal ritual Temple would look like from the outside. A good deal of Magicians choose pyramidal Temples or medieval castles, while others will create the Astral Temple in the likeness of their physical one. Recognizing your desire, hold your imagined hands before you, in the direction that the Temple will occupy, and verbally command it into being.

Will yourself to enter the Temple. Your surroundings will instantly change, your imagined body being transported inside. Your Temple will be bare and ready to decorate. Begin by creating an altar in the center of the room, upon which should sit a long, black-handled dagger. If you are accustomed to having any wards or elemental tablets on the walls, create them in their appropriate places. It is often a difficult struggle to maintain this visualization without having it spontaneously alter itself, but this battle must continue and be won, as you are not merely "imagining" this Temple to exist, but you are creating it on the Astral Plane.

Create a small cupboard in one of the corners of the Temple, out the way, not even noticed until you look for it. Inside the cupboard will sit all of the ritual devices that you will need, except for the dagger,

which will always remain on the altar.

This may seem silly at first, as if it is not an exercise in occult power at all, but is instead an exercise in childish imagination. At first, it is simply imagined, much like the results of any ritual are only imagined until they become empowered through practices which have been used thousands of time by thousands of Sorcerers since the birth of knowledge.

Once you have created your Astral Temple, you need to return to it no less than once a day, no more than three times daily. Each time you close your eyes and bring yourself inside of the Temple, it will seem more real and less imagined. Soon, usually within the first week of practice, you will begin to feel as if you are actually there. It is at that point that you may begin performing ritual in your Astral Temple.

In Astral Ritual, utilize the same processes and methods as with physical ritual. Raise the same powers within yourself, exert those powers upon your environment, give the calls and make the signs. You are not necessarily learning a new type of ritual; you are performing all of the same rituals in a different place – the place just happens to be home to the powers and entities that you once needed to pull through veils of reality into the Physical Plane. Now, you live with them.

As you perform rituals in your Astral Temple, let whatever happens in your astral environment happen. The entities that you summon up will likely be seen forming in their astral bodies in your astral temple, if you call darkness, the light will decrease there, if not leave altogether. Sometimes the walls will change, sometimes the floor will drop out beneath you, and sometimes you will suddenly find yourself not within your Temple at all, but instead in the proximity of your target, at some particular place, sometimes at no place at all, or sometimes you will be everywhere. There are no boundaries to your power there, as you have removed your doubting brain and your binding body from the equation, and you are operating in realms of pure energy and creation.

After Working within the Astral Temple for a short while, you will find that you can enter it at any time and place, whether you are at home, on a bus or plane, or walking down the street. You will also discover that as you close your eyes to meditate, or even just to relax, rather than your mind inventing some irrelevant distracting thought, you instead will find yourself inside of your Temple, as if you never left

it, but that on another plane, in another dimension, you still reside within this place of power.

This is one of the first steps in accessing your ability to consciously and willfully alter your reality without ritual, and to do so immediately upon receiving the desire to make such a change. You may immediately enter your Temple, perform an Operation, gather and direct the needed forces, and send them off to the goal. Although astral ritual is initially tedious, the functions of movement in that plane and body being strained and difficult to control, as you become accustomed to your astral body and your place in your Astral Temple, you will discover that you are more Magickally capable there than here. The powers that you raise will come more instantly, your rituals will flow with less distraction and ebb, and your successes will become more complete and more fulfilling, both in essence and in completion time. As you grow comfortable with astral ritual, you may even find that the automatic fulfillment of your goals begins to spawn, that the gap between your desire and its achievement begins to close.

This gap only disappears entirely, however, when all ritual has been eliminated. Your years of occult discipline and ritual practice have been preparing you not to become the grand master of some occult lodge or another, to taut a title revered by the few who recognize it, but instead has been preparing you for becoming a Master, recognized by all of existence, capable of creating and destroying at will, to the letter and at the time of your command.

One of the greatest traps that the aspiring Master falls into when he attempts to manifest his desire without the use of ritual is in testing his powers. This statement may seem contradictory to this text up to this point, but it is one which needs to be considered. Too often, when a person begins to develop the ability to use the miraculous powers of the occult to effect and sometimes to alter his world, he starts to wonder what else he might be able to accomplish. Rather than looking around his environment and looking into himself for needed changes, he seeks the phenomenal - that is to say, he seeks phenomenon rather than substance, and he often fails to find it. He has no real desire pushing him into ritual, but instead wants to see "if he can do it." This comes not from a place of power, but from a place of doubt.

Perhaps the most potent tool that I can offer in this regard comes in the form of two exact forms of measurement. The first is to

manifest that which you need. If you have never played a hand of cards in your life, but would like to see if through Magick you can win a Texas Hold 'em tournament, not because you need the money, but because you want to see if you can get it, you are not likely to succeed. Instead, you might, after some consideration of your circumstances, decide that you need a better vehicle, not to see if you can get one through ritual or manipulation of energetic currents, but because your current mode of transportation either has two wheels and two pedals, or your current car does not suit the lifestyle that you would like to live in some way. The ritual that you employ for the latter desire is very likely to succeed, and indeed, I have used spiritual forces to obtain newer, more desirable vehicles more than a few times, as well as new homes, more financial prosperity, more suitable sexual partners, and basically any of the comfortable things that I have desired. I have never, however, won a poker tournament.

This measurement of the potential success of a ritual meets a rather grey and foggy area when applied to Baneful Magick. Aside from situations of self preservation, curses are rarely needed, and in those situations, a firearm or self-defense skills will often be found much more useful than ritual. It must be understood that I am in no way advocating that you allow yourself to fall into complete poverty before Magickally acting, nor do I condemn the use of the occult arts for personal enrichment. The line between that which is needed and desired for the person, however, and that which is needed for the ego, is not fine at all, but is large and blunt. If on any level the death or misery of another person is needed or desired, not for the glamour of it, but for the death itself and the results of that death, then take up arms and kill.

It is natural for the Black Magician to want to test his limits, as has been highlighted throughout this text, but these tests must come naturally. Rather than wondering if you can end the life of the girl sitting next to you, try to look farther than that, into your life and the lives of those around you, and seek out one whose death is needed. Another suggestion is that when you decide that you wish to test your powers, make that decision known to the universe. In ritual, meditation, or even in deep thought on the subject, tell creation that you are ready to raise yourself up as the Black Lord, and that you are ready to put your abilities to work in your own Ascent. And be prepared to kill, for creation hears your call, and will answer shortly.

While you may be able to kill through Magick without need, the results will be scattered and inconsistent. If you kill with cause, you will become unstoppable.

The second measurement to use is that of the natural flow of power through you. Everyone who has opened their awareness to the forces around them and the force within them has, in daily life, experienced their powers swelling inside of them for no apparent reason. They get a temporary "buzz" from this natural raising of power, and then it subsides. When this occurs, stop what you are doing, what you are thinking, and listen. Your power and your knowledge are trying to tell you something. Often, simply allowing this power to begin flowing through you towards some unknown goal will reveal this goal immediately. As you recognize the importance and the intelligence of your own power, and as you honor its rising through attentiveness, you will find that it moves through you with purpose, and that you can help form this power and resultantly form your kingdom on earth.

This tool of measurement applies more to non-ritual manifestation, although it can also guide you into full ritual towards a goal if you listen to it. Listen to it. Hear what it is telling you. Trust it. And honor it through action.

With all moral, spiritual, psychological, and physical restrictions removed, the Sorcerer has no other place to go but inwards and upwards, towards realms where good and evil no longer hold rein. The pleasure of murder, like all other earthly experiences, dulls with repetition. The Sorcerer will learn, as he takes this knowledge and power into his hands, that he is indeed limitless, and the display of power will no longer be attractive.

Baneful Magick is a tool of the gods, their weapon and warhammer, their sulfur and fiery hail. It is the power that is warned against in every canon scripture and in every Magickal grimoire. Nevertheless, in all of these, the formula is given by which man may kill as the gods kill, and may rule as a warlord in this world.

He who takes this knowledge and puts it into practice in his life will lose himself to the powers that he summons, and his soul will rest for a short while in the frozen lakes of the ninth circle of hell, and therein his heart will become like stone and his power will be free to move in the world without the fetters of emotion and morals.

He will become a monster and a demon. And eventually, he will rise above this. He will break free from that realm of ice and will soar into the omnipotent majesty of his own exaltation, which waits for him not behind the gates of heaven, but beyond the depths of hell. He will emerge not as a harm-none mystic nor as a meddling transcendalist, but as a Master armed with power and emboldened with purpose, who has not only seen evil, but has become it, who is not bound by that which should not be done, but is empowered by that which can be done.

"The only thing greater than what I am is what I may become."

APPENDIX

Concerning the Exu ritual to cause the death of R.:

I observed that within one year from the approximate date of the ritual's performance, five people in R's family had died, all of them in untimely ways. While I am not able to elaborate on these deaths, due to the possible legal ramifications, there has been no doubt in my mind that they were the work of Exu da Capa Preta.

R. herself had disappeared from the lives of all who shared association with her and us, not even making appearances for the funerals which we would have mutually attended. To us, she was dead. To the rest of the world, however, she was still very alive, despite her family's various tragedies.

Why would Exu, having power to kill five different people within the space of only one year, not simply destroy the intended victim? It seemed very much like a type of demonic game. Was Exu simply demonstrating his notorious Lokian trickster personality?

I mentioned the phenomenon to a Haitian Vodou Houngan who had recently initiated me into the Vodou current, and he did not seem to find the situation as objectively interesting as I.

"If you were anyone else, I'd wonder why you were still walking," he told me on a phone conversation. "You have a lot, I mean a *lot* of spiritual protection around you. But how long do you think it can hold up against Exu? Eventually, something's going to give one or another."

He informed me that the reason Exu was veering off course was because my wife had not slit the throat of the sacrifice and drained its blood upon the Eleggua Head herself, as it was her desire for R.'s death rather than mine. The different classes of spirits had to be worked with separately as well, and Exu and Baron Samedi are definitely different classes of spirits!

In order to bring the situation back into balance, on a Wednesday my wife was to offer a blood sacrifice to Exu, upon the Eleggua Head, and on Saturday I was to do the same for the Baron, in a different location than the offering to Exu was made.

With these instructions being followed, the sacrifices being made, R. has finally passed away.

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CHAPTER 1

1. _____. **Holy Bible**, King James Version. Deuteronomy 32:39-41

CHAPTER 2

1. Lavey, Anton S. **Satanic Bible, The**. Avon Books. 1969.
2. Creation, Preservation, and Destruction are the three great powers which balance the cycle of existence.

CHAPTER 3

1. Some of these greater powers might include instantaneous manifestation, pure spiritual creation, the development of states of omnipresence or omniscience, remanifestation into the flesh from a spiritual body, dissolution of the manifested bodies, and the whole ritual of Ascent, as examples.
2. See Chapter 4: That Old Voodoo

CHAPTER 4

1. While Voodoo denotes the faith and the religion of the practice, Hoodoo is used to denote the magickal and occult arm of the same religion.
2. As is detailed in this chapter, subsection Vessels of Life
3. Meaning that the lunar phase is moving from full moon to new moon, and is closer to new than full. Five days preceding the

new moon are the strongest for Operations of Baneful **Magick**.

CHAPTER 5

1. Such as rising slowly from the body, viewing surroundings through spiritual sight, rising through the ceiling or passing through the walls, etc.
2. Castaneda, Carlos. **The Teachings of Don Juan: A Yaqui Way of Knowledge**. Washington Square Press. 1985.
3. The use of fetish items is given in Chapter 6: **Sympathetic Magick**
4. Crowley, Aleister. **Magick in Theory and Practice**. Dover Publications. 1976.

CHAPTER 7

1. A Hindu measurement of the lifespan of the universe, which is equivalent to 4,320,000 years, after which the universe is destroyed by Shiva and then created again by Brahma.

CHAPTER 8

1. Crowley, Aleister. **Magick in Theory and Practice**. Dover Publications. 1976.
2. LaVey, Anton S. **Satanic Bible, the**. Avon Books, 1969.

CHAPTER 11

1. National Vital Statistics Report Volume 53 number 5, 2004
2. In reference to the miracle reportedly performed by **Jesus** in which he feeds five thousand men, accompanied with women and children, with five loaves of bread and two fish, evidencing his ability to instantaneously manifest. Matthew 14:17-21

CHAPTER 12

1. See Chapter 9 of this text: Ritual Release of Hatred.

CHAPTER 13

1. _____. **Holy Bible**, King James Version. The Gospel According to Saint John chapter 4 verse 48.
2. _____. **Merriam-Webster's Collegiate Dictionary**, 11th Edition. Merriam-Webster. 2003.

CHAPTER 14

1. In reference Saint John the Divine, the apostolic author of the biblical Book of Revelations, and his prophecy therein, in Chapter 13 verse 18, that the number of the Beast is "Six-hundred threescore and six," or 666.
2. Crowley, Aleister. **Goetia** Second Edition. Boston, MA: Red Wheel/Weiser. 1995.

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1. Sturluson, Snorri. **Egil's Saga**. Penguin Classics. 2005.

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1. Reference **Kaos Keraunos Kybernetos** by Peter J. Carroll